

THE SCORNFULL LADY.

A COMEDY.

As it was now lately Acted (with great
applause) by the Kings Majesties Servants,
at the Blacke-Fryers.

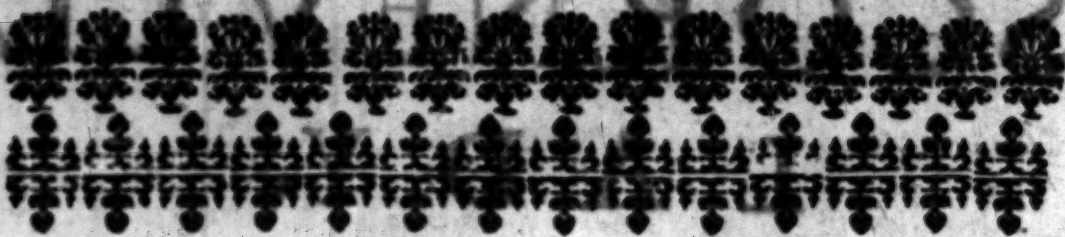
Written by { FRANCIS BEAUMONT, }
and { Gentlemen. }
{ JOHN FLETCHER. }

The fifth Edition.



LONDON,
Printed by M.P. for Robert Wilfon, and are to be sold at
his shop in Holborne at Grays-Inne Gate.

1639.



The Actors are these.

Elder LOVELESSE, a Suter to the Lady.

Young LOVELESSE, a Prodigall.

SAVILL, Steward to the Elder LOVELESSE.

LADY, and } two Sisters.

MARTHA

YOUNG LOVE, or ABIGAIL, a waiting Gentlewoman.

WELFORD, a Suter to the Lady.

Sir ROGER, Curate to the Lady.

{ CAPTAIN, }
{ TRAVELLER, } hangers on to Young
{ POET, } LOVELESSE.
{ TOBACCO-MAN; }

Wenches.

Fiddlers.

MORECRAFT, an Tinker.

A rich Widdow.

Attendants.



417;08

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THE SCORNFULL LADY.

A COMEDY.

ACTUS I. SCENA II.

Enter the two Lovelesses, Savill the Steward, and a Page.

Elder Love.

Brother is your last hope past to mollifie *Mortcrafts* heart about your Mortgage?

Young Love. Hopelessly past: I have presented the Vsurer with a richer draught then ever *Cleopatra* swallowed; he hath suck't in ten thousand pounds worth of my Land, more than hee paid for at a gulpe, without Trumpets.

El. Lo. I have as hard a task to performe in this house.

Young Lo. Faith mine was to make an Vsurer honest, or to lose my Land.

Eld. Lo. And mine is to perswade a passionate woman, or to leave the Land.

Yo. Lo. Make the Boat stay: I feare I shall begin my unfortunate journey this night, though the darkenesse of the night, and the roughnesse of the waters might easily dissuade an unwilling man.

Savill. Sir, your Fathers old friends hold it the sounder course for your body and estate to stay at home marry, and pro-

pagate

The Scornefull Lady.

pagate and govern in your Countrey, then to travell and die without issue.

Eld. Lo. Savill, you shall gaine the opinion of a better servant, in seeking to execute, not alter my will, howsoever my intents succeed.

Yo. Lo. Yonders Mistrisse *Abigail* Brother, the grave rubber of your Mistris toes.

Enter Mistris Abigail, the waiting woman.

El. Lo. Mistris *Abigail*.

Abig. Master *Lovelle*, truly we thought your sayles had been hoist: my Mistris is perswaded you are Sea sicke ere this.

El. Lo. Loves she her ill-taken-up resolution so dearly? Didst thou move her from me?

Abig. By this light that shines, there's no removing her; if she get a stiffe opinion by the end. I attempted her to day, when they say a woman can deny nothing.

El. Lo. What criticall minute was that?

Abig. When her smocke was over her eares; but she was no more pliant than if it hung about her heeles.

El. Lo. I prethee deliver my service, and say, I desire to see the deare cause of my banishment, and then for *France*.

Abig. Ile do't: harken hither, is that your Brother?

El. Lo. Yes, have you lost your memory?

Abig. As I live hee's a pretty fellow.

Yo. Lo. O this is a sweet *Brache*.

El. Lo. Why she knowes not you.

Yo. Lo. No, but shee offered me once to know her: to this day she loves youth of eigheteene; shee heard a Tale how *Cupid* stricke her in love with a great Lord in the Tilt-yard, but he never saw her; yet she in kindnesse would needs weare a Willow Garland at his Wedding. She lov'd all the Players in the last Queenes time once over: She was strooke when they acted Lovers, and forsooke some when they played Murderers. She has nine *Sparrowes*; and the servants say she hoards old gold; and she her selfe pronounces angerly, that the Farmers eldest son, or her Mistris husbands *Clarke* shall be, that marries her, shall make her a jounture of fourescore pounds a yeare; she tels Tales of the Serving-men.

Eld. Lo.

The Scornfull Lady.

El. Lo. Enough, I know her Brother. I shall intreat you onely to salute my Mistris and take leave, wee'l part at the staires.

Enter Lady and Waiting-woman.

La. Now sir, this first part of your will is performed: what's the rest?

El. Lo. First, let me beg your notice, for this Gentleman my Brother.

La. I shall take it as a favour done to me; though the Gentleman hath received but an untimely grace from you, yet my charitable disposition would have been ready to have done him freer curtesies as a stranger, then upon those cold commendations.

Young Lo. Lady, my salutations crave acquaintance, and leave at once.

La. Sir I hope you are the Master of your owne occasions.

Ex. Young Lo. Savill.

El. Lo. Would I were so. Mistris, for me to praise over again that worth, which all the world and you your selfe can see.

La. It's a cold roome this; Servant.

El. Lo. Mistresse.

La. What thinke you, if I have a Chimney for't our here?

El. Lo. Mistresse another in my place, that were not tyed to beleeeve all your actions just; would apprehend himself wrong'd: But I, whose vertues are constancy and obedience.

La. *Abigail* make a good fire above to warme me, after my servants *Exordium*.

Eld. Lo. I have heard and seene your affability to be such, that the servants you give wages to may speake.

La. 'Tis true, 'tis true, but they speake to'th purpose.

El. Lo. Mistris, your will leads my speeches from the purpose. But as a man—

La. A *Simile* servant? This roome was built for honest men, that deliver themselves hastily and plainly, and are gone. Is this a time or place for *Exordiums*, and *Similies*, and *Metaphors*? If you have ought to say, breake into't: my answers shall very reasonably meet you.

El. Lo. Mistris I came to see you.

La. That's happily dispatch, the next.

El. Lo. To take leave of you. *La.* To be gone. *El. Lo.* Yes.

La. You

The Scornfull Lady.

La. You need not have despair'd of that, nor have us'd so many circumstances, to win me to give you leave to performe my command; is there a third?

El. Lov. I had a third, had you beene apt to heare it.

La. I? never apter. Fast (good Servant) fast.

El. Lo. I was to entreat you to heare reason.

La. Most willingly; have you brought one that can speake it?

El. Lo. Lastly, it is to kindle in that barren heart, love and forgiveness.

La. You would stay at home?

Elder Lo. Yes Lady.

La. Why you may, and doubtlesly will, when you have debated, that your Commander is but your Mistres, a woman, a weake one, wildely overborne with passions: but the thing by her commanded, is to see *Devers* dreadfull Cliffe, passing in a poore Water-house; the dangers of the mercilesse Channell, twixt that and *Callis*, five long houres sayle, with three poore weekes victuals.

Eld. Lo. You wrong me.

La. Then to land dumbe, unable to enquire for an English hoast, to remooove from Citie to Citie, by most chargeable post-horse, like one that rode in quest of his Mother-tongue.

Eld. Lo. You wrong me much.

La. And all these (almost invincible labours) performed for your Mistres, to be in danger to forsake her, and to put on new allegiance to some French Lady, who is content to change language with your laughter, and after your whole yeare spent in Tennis and broken speech, to stand to the hazzard of being laught at at your returne, and have Tales made on you by the Chamber-maids.

Eld. Lo. You wrong me much.

La. Lowder yet.

Eld. Lo. You know your least word is of force to make mee seeke our dangers; moove me not with royes: but in this banishment, I must take leave to say, you are unjust: was one kisse forc't from you in publike, by me so unpardonable? Why all the houres of day and night have seene us kisse.

Lady. 'Tis

The Scornfull Ladie.

Lady. Tis true, and so you told the company that heard mee chide.

Elder Lovelesse. Your owne eyes were not dearer to you then I.

Lady. And so you told um.

Elder Lovelesse. I did, yet no signe of disgrace need to have stayn'd your cheek: you your selfe, knew your pure and simple heart to bee most unspotted, and free from the least basenesse.

Ladie. I did: But if a Maydes heart doth but once thinke that shee is suspected, her owne face will write her guiltie.

Elder Love. But where lay this disgrace? The world that knew us, knew our resolutions well: And could it bee hop'd, that I should give away my freedome, and venture a perpetuall bondage with one I never kist? or could I in strict wisedome take too much love upon mee, from her that chose mee for her Husband?

Lady. Beleeve me; if my wedding smocke were on,
Were the Gloves bought and given, the Licence come,
Were the Rosemary-branches dipt, and all
The Hipocrasse and Cakes eate and drunke off;
Were these two armes encompast with the hands
Of Batchelors, to leade me to the Church;
Were my feet in the doore, were I *Iohn*, said;
If *Iohn* should boast a favour done by me,
I would not wed that yeare: And you I hope,
When you have spent this yeare commodiously,
In atchieving Languages, will at your returne
Acknowledge me more coy of parting with mine eyes,
Then such a friend: More talke I hold not now,
If you dare, goe.

Elder Lov. I dare you know: First let me kisse.

Lady. Farewell sweet servant, your taske perform'd,
On a new ground, as a beginning Suxer,
I shall be apt to heare you.

Elder Lovelesse. Farewell cruell Mistresse:

Exit Lady.

Enter

The Scornfull Lady

Enter Young Lovelasse and Savill.

Young Lo. Brother you'll hazzard the loosing your Tide to *Gravesend*: you have a long halfe mile by land to *Greenwich*.

Elder Lo. I goe: but brother, what yet unheard-of course to live, doth your imagination flatter with you? Your ordinary meanes are devour'd.

Young Lo. Course, why horse-coursing I thinke: consume no time in this: I have no estate to be mended by meditation: he that busies himselfe about my fortunes, may properly be said, to busie himselfe about nothing.

Eld. Lo. Yet some course you must take, which for my satisfaction resolve and open: If you will shape none, I must informe you that, that man but perswades himselfe he meanes to live, that imagines not the meanes.

Young Lo. Why live upon others, as others have lived upon me.

Eld. Lo. I apprehend not that: you have fed others, and consequently dispos'd of um: and the same measure must you expect from your maintainers, which will be too heavie an alteration for you to beare.

Young Lo. Why, Ile Purse, if that raise me not, Ile Bet at Bowling-Allies, or Man Whores; I would faine live by others: but Ile live whil't I am unhang'd, and after the thoughts taken.

Elder Love. I see you are ty'd to no particular employment then.

Young Lo. Faith I may choose my course: they say Nature brings forth none, but she provides for them; Ile trie her liberality.

Eld. Lo. Well, to keepe your feet out of base and dangerous pathes. I have resolved, you shall live as Master of my House. It shall be your care *Savill*, to see him fed and clothed, not according to his present estate, but to his birth and former fortunes.

Young Lov. If it be referr'd to him, if I be not found in Carnation jessie Stockings, blue Divels breeches, with the guards downe, and my pocket i'th sleeves, Ile neere looke you i'th face againe.

Sav. A comelier wear I wisse it is, then those dangling slops

Elder Lo.

The Scurfull Lady.

El: Lo: To keep you ready to doe him all service peaceably, and him to command you reasonably; I leave these further directions in writing, which at your best leisure together, open and read.

Enter Abigail with a Jewell.

Abig: Sir, my Mistresse commends her love to you in this token, and these words; It is a Jewell (she says) which as a favour from her she would request you to weare, till your yeares travaile be performed: which once expired, she will happily expect your happy returne.

El: Lo: Returne my service with such thanks, as she may imagine the heart of a suddenly over-joyed man, would willingly utter; and you (I hope) I shall with slender arguments persuade to weare this Diamond; that when my Mistresse shall through my long absence, and the approach of new Sutors, offer to forget me, you may call your eye downe to your finger, and remember, & speak of me: She will beare the better then those allied by birth to her: as we see many men much swayed by the Groomes of their Chambers, not that they have a greater part of their love or opinion on them, as on others, but for they know their secrets.

Abig: A my credit I sweare, I thinke 'twas made for mee: Feare no other Sutors.

Eld: Lo: I shall not need to teach you how to discredit their beginning, you know how to take exception at their flirts at washing, or to make the Maids sweare they found Plasters in their bed.

Abig: I know, I know, and doe you not feare the Sutors.

Eld: Lo: Farewell, be mindfull, and be happy: the night calls me.

Abig: The gods of the windes befriend you sir; a constant, and a liberall Lover thou art, more such God send us.

Wel: Let us not stand still, we have rid.

Abig: A Sutor I know by his riding hard, He bot be some.

Wel: A pretty Hall this: No Servant in't? I would looke freshly.

Abig: You

The Scornfull Lady.

Abig. You have delivered your errand to me then : there's no danger in a handsome young fellow : He shew my selfe and his

Well. Lady, may it please you to bestow upon a stranger, the ordinary grace of salutation : Are you the Lady of this house ?

Abig. Sir, I am worthily proud to be a servant of hers.

Well. Lady, I should be as proud to be a servant of yours, did not my so late acquaintance make me dispaire.

Abig. Sir, it is not so hard to achieve, but nature may bring it about.

Well. For these comfortable words, I remaine your glad debtor. Is your Lady at home ?

Abig. She is no stranger sir.

Well. May her occasions admit me to speake with her ?

Abig. If you come in the way of a Sutor, No.

Well. I know your affable vertue will be moved to perswade her : that a Gentleman benighted and strayed, offers to be bound to her for a nights lodging.

Abig. I will commend this message to her, but if you aime at her body, you will be deluded : other women of the household : of good carriage and government, upon any of which, if you can cast your affection, they will perhaps be found as faithfull and not so coy.

Well. What a skinfull of lust is this ? I thought I had come a wooing, & I am the courted party. This is right Court-fashion : Men, Women, and all woe, catch that catch may. If this soft hearted woman have infused any of her tendernesse into her Lady, there is hope she will be pliant. But who's here ?

Enter Sir Roger the Curate.

Reg. God save you sir : My Lady lets you know, she desires to be acquainted with your name, before she conferre with you ?

Well. Sir, my name calls me *Well*.

Reg. Sir, you are a Gentleman of a good name. He try his wit.

Well. I will uphold it as good as any of my Ancestors had this two hundred yeares sin.

Reg. I

The Sorrowful Lady.

Rog: I knew a worshipfull and a Religious Gentleman of your name in the Bishopricks of *Durham*. Call you him Cousen?

Wel: I am onely allied to his vertues fir.

Rog: It is modestly said: I should carry the badge of your Christianity with me too.

Wel: What's that? A Crosse? there's a test.

Rog: I meane the name which your Godfathers and Godmothers gave you at the Font.

Wel: 'Tis *Harry*: but you cannot proceed orderly now in your Catechisme: for you have told me who gave me that name. Shall I beg your name?

Rog: *Roger*. I shall be glad to know you.

Wel: What roome fill you in this house?

Rog: More roomes then one.

Wel: The more the merrier: But may my boldness know, why your Lady hath sent you to decipher my name?

Rog: Her owne words were these: To know whether you were a formerly denyed Tutor, disguised in this message: for I can assure you she delights not in *Thalams*: *Himn* and she are at variance. I shall return with much haste.

Wel: And much speed fir, I hope: certainly I am arriv'd amongst a Nation of new-found-fooles, on a Land where no Navigator has yet planted with it had for some it, I would have laded my breeches with *Belt*, *Knives*, *Copper*, and *glasse* to trade with women for their virginities: yet I feare, I should have betrayed my selfe to needlesse charge then: here's the walking night-cap againe.

Enter Roger.

Rog: Sir, My Ladies pleasure is to see you: who hath commanded mee to acknowledge her sorrow, that you must take the paines to come up for some entertainment.

Wel: I shall obey your Lady that sent it, and acknowledge you that brought it to be your Arts Master.

The Sorrowfull Ladie.

Reg. I am but a Batchelor of Art, Sir; and I have the mending all under this rooffe, from my Lady on her Downe-bed, to the Maid in the Pease-straw.

Well. A Cobler, Sir?

Reg. No Sir, I inculate Divine Service within these Walls.

Well. But the Inhabitants of this house doe often imploy you on errands without any scruple of conscience.

Reg. Yes, I doe take the aire many mornings on foot, three or foure miles for Egges: but why move you that?

Well. To know whether it might become your function, to bid my man to neglect his hbt for a little, to attend on me.

Reg. Most properly Sir.

Well. I pray you doe so then: and whilst I will attend your Lady. You direct all this house in the true way?

Reg. I doe Sir.

Well. And this doore I hope conducts to your Lady?

Reg. Your understanding is ingenuona. *Ex. fervently.*

Enter Young Lovell, and Savill, with a warning.

Sa. By your favour, Sir, you shall pardon me.

Te. Le. I shall beare your favour Sir, crosse me no more; I say they shall come in.

Sa. Sir, you forget one, who I am.

Te. Le. Sir, I doe not, thou art my Brother, Steward, his cust of Mill-money, his Kitcher, Arithmetike.

Sa. Sir, I hope you will not make so little of me?

Te. Le. I make thee not so little as thou art: for indeed, there goes no more to the making of a Steward, but a faire Imprimis, and then a reasonable Item, infus'd into him, and the thing is done.

Sa. Nay then you stirre my duty, and I must tell you.

Te. Le. What wouldst thou tell me, how Hoppes grow? or hold, some rotten discourse of Sherpe, or when our Lady day falls? Partee farewell, and entertaine my friends, be drunke, and burne thy Table-bookes: and my deare Sparke of Velvet, thou and I.

Sa. Good Sir remember,

Te. Le.

The Scornfull Lady.

Yo. Lo. I doe remember thee a foolish fellow, one that did put his trust in Almanacks, and Horse-faires, and rose by honey and pot-butter. Shall they come in yet?

Sa. Nay, then I must unfold your Brothers pleasure, these be the Lessons sir, he left behind him.

Yo. Lo. Prethee expound the first.

Sa. I leave to keepe my house three hundred pounds a yeere, and my Brother to dispose of it.

Yo. La: Marke that my wicked Steward, and I dispose of it.

Sa. Whilst he beares himselfe like a Gentleman, and my credit fals not in him. Marke that my good young sir, marke that.

Young La: Nay, if it be no more I shall fulfill it whilst my legges will carry me, Ile beare my selfe Gentleman-like, but when I am drunke, let them beare me that can. Forward deare Steward.

Sa. Next it is my will, that he be furnished (as my Brother) with attendance, apparrell, and the obedience of my people.

Young Lo: Steward this is as plaine as your old Munkin Breaches. Your wisdome will relent now, will it not? Be mollified or — you understand me sir, proceed.

Sa. Yet, that my Steward keepe his place, and power, and bound my Brothers wilddesse with his care.

Young La: Ile beare no more this *Aperys*, blinde it by it selfe Steward.

Saill: This is your Brothers will, and as I take it, he makes no mention of such company as you would draw unto you. Captaines of Gally-foyls, such as in a cleare day have seen *Collis*, fellows that have no more of God, than their Oath comes to: they weare swords to reach fire at a Play, and yet there the oyld end of a pipe for their guerdon: then the remnant of your Regiment, are wealthy Tobacco Merchants, that set up with one ounce, and breake for three, together with a forlorne hope of Poets, and all these looke like Carthusians, things without linnen: Are these fit company for my Masters Brother?

Young Lo: I will either convert thee (O thou Pagan Steward)

The Scurnefull Lady.

or presently confound thee and thy reckonings, who's therof call
in the Gentlemen.

Savill: Good sir.

To: Lo: Nay you shall know both who I am, and where I am.

Savill: Are you my Masters Brother?

To: Lo: Are you the sage Master Steward, with a face like an
old *Ephemerides*?

Enter his Comrades, Captaine, Traveller.

Savill: Then God helpe all I say.

To: Lo: I, and 'tis well said my old Peere of France: welcome
Gentlemen, welcome Gentlemen; mine owne deare Lads y are
richly welcome. Know this old *Harry Groat*.

Cap: Sir I will take your love.

Sav: Sir, you will take my purse.

Cap: And study to continue it.

Sav: I doe beleeeve you.

Travell: Your honourable friend and Masters Brother, hath
given you to us for a worthy fellow, and so we hug you sir.

Sav: Has given himselfe into the hands of Varlets, not to be
car'd out. Sir are these the pieces?

To: Lo: They are the Morals of the age, the vertues; Men
made of gold.

Savill: Of your gold you meane sir.

To: Lo: This is a man of warre, and cryes goe on; and weares
his colours.

Sav: In's nose.

To: Lo: In the fragrant field. This is a Traveller sir, knowes
men and manners, and has plow'd up the Sea so farre, till both
the Pales have knockt, has seene the Sunne take Coach, and can
distinguish the colour of his horses, and their kinds, and had a
Floudent Mare leapt there.

Sav: 'Tis much.

To: Lo: I have seene more sir.

Sav: 'Tis enough a conscience; sit downe and rest
you, you are at the end of the world already. Would you
had as good a living sir, as this fellow could lye you cut of;
has a notable gift in't.

To: Lo

The Scornfull Ladie.

Young Lo: This ministers the smoke, and this the Muses?

Savill: And you the clothes, and meat, and money, you have a goodly generation of um, pray let them multiply, your brothers house is big enough, and to say truth, has too much Land, hang it durt.

Young Love: Why now thou art a loving stinkard. Fire off thy Annotations, and thy Rent Bookes, thou hast a weake braine *Savill*, and with the next long Bill thou wilt run mad. Gentlemen, you are once more welcome to three hundred pound a yeare; we will be freely merry, shall we not?

Cap: Merry as mirth, and wine, my lovely *Lovelesse*.

Poet: A serious looke shall be a Jury to excommunicate any man from our company.

Travel: We will not talke wisely neither.

Young Lo: What thinke you Gentlemen by all this Revenew in drinke? *Cap*. I am all for drinke.

Travell: I am dry till it be so.

Poet: He that will not cry Amen to this, let him live sober, seeme wise, and dye o'th *Corum*.

Ye. Love: It shall be so, wee'l have it all in drinke, let meat and lodging goe, these are transitory, and shew me meerely mortall: then wee'l have Wenches, every one his Wench, and every weeke a fresh one: wee'l keepe no powdred flesh: all these we have by warrane, under the title of things necessary. Here, upon this place I ground it: the obedience of my people, and all necessities: Your opinions Gentlemen?

Cap: 'Tis plaine and evident that he meant Wenches.

Sav. Good sir, let me expound it.

Cap. Here be as sound men as your selfe sir.

Poet. This doe I hold to be the interpretation of it: In this word necessary, is concluded all that beehelpes to Man; Woman was made the first, and therefore heere the chiefeft.

Ye. Lo. Believe me 'tis a learned one, and by these words: The obedience of my people, (you Steward being one) are bound to fetch us Wenches.

Cap. He is, he is.

Ye. Lo. Steward attend us for instructions.

Sav. But:

The Scornfull Lady.

Savill: But will you keepe no house fir?

Young Lo: Nothing but drinke fir, three hundred pounds in drinke.

Savill: O miserable house, and miserable I that live to see it: Good fir keepe some meat.

Young Love: Get us good Whores, and for your part, Ile bound you in an Ale-house; You shall have Cheefe and Onions.

Sav: What shall become of me, no chimney smoking?

Well Prodigall, your Brother will come home. *Exit.*

Young Lo: Come Lads, Ile warrant you for Wenches, three hundred pounds in drinke. *Exeunt omnes*

Finis Actus Primus.

ACTUS 2. SCENA I:

Enter Lady, her Sister Mariba, Welford, Young Love, and others.

Lady: Sir, now you see your bad lodging, I must bid you goodnight.

Well: Lady if there be any want, 'tis in want of you.

Lady: A little sleepe will ease that complement. Once more goodnight.

Well: Once more deare Lady, and then all sweet nights.

Lady: Deare fir be short and sweet then.

Well: Shall the morrow prove better to me, shall I hope my sute hapier by this nights rest?

Lady: Is your sute so sickly that rest will help it? Pray ye let it rest then till I call for it. Sir, as a stranger you have had all my welcome: but had I known your errand ere you came, your passage had been straighter. Sir, goodnight.

Exit Lady.

Well: So faire and cruell I deare unkind, goodnight.

Nay fir, you shall stay with me, Ile presse your zeale so farre.

Rog: O Lord fir.

Well: Doe you love *Taken*?

Rog.

The Scornfull Lady.

Roger: Surely I love it, but it loves not me; yet with your reverence Ile be bold.

Wel: Pray light it fir. How doe you like it?

Roger: I promise you it is notable stinging geere indeed. It is wet fir, Lord how it brings downe rheumo.

Wel: Handle it againe fir, you have a warme text of it.

Rog: Thankes ever promised for it. I promise you it is very powerfull, and by a Trope, spirituall; for certainly it moves in sundry places.

Wel: I, it does so fir, and me especially to aske fir, why you weare a night-cap.

Rog: Assuredly. I will speake the truth unto you; you shall understand fir, that my head is broken, and by whom; even by that visible beast the Butler.

Wel: The Butler? certainly he had all his drinke about him when he did it. Strike one of your grave Cassocke? The offence Sir?

Rog: Reproving him at Tre-trip fir, for swearing; you have the totall surely.

Wel: You reprov'd him when his rage was set a tilt, and so he crackt your Canons. I hope he has not hurt your gentle reading: But shall we see these Gentlewomen to night?

Rog: Have patience fir, untill our fellow *Nicholas* be deceast; that is, asleepe, for so the word is taken: to sleepe, to dye, to dye to sleepe, a very figure fir.

Wel: Cannot you cast another for the Gentlewomen?

Rog: No, till the man be in his bed, his grave: his grave his bed: the very same againe fir. Our Comicke Poet gives the reason sweetly, *Plenus rimarum est*, he is full of loope-holes, and will discover to our Patronesse.

Wel: Your Comment fir, hath made me understand you.

Enter Martha, the Ladies Sister, and Younglove

to them with a Posse.

Roger: Sir be addrest, the graces doe salute you with the full bowle of plenty. Is our old enemy entomb'd?

Abig: Hee's safe?

Rog: And does he snore out sapinely with the Poet?

The Scornfull Lady.

Mar. No, he out-snores the Poet.

Wel. Gentlewoman, this courtesie shall bind a stranger to you, ever your servant.

Mar. Sir, my Sisters strictnesse makes not us forget you are a stranger, and a Gentleman.

Abig. In sooth Sir, were I chang'd into my Lady, a Gentleman so well endued with parts, should not be lost.

Wel. I thanke you Gentlewoman, and rest bound to you. See how this fowle familiar chews the Cud: from thee, and three and fifty good Love deliver me.

Mar. Will you sit downe and take a spoone?

Wel. I take it kindly Lady. *Mar.* It is our best banquet sir.

Roger. Shall we give thanks?

Wel. I have to the Gentlewomen already sir.

Mar. Good sir *Roger*, keepe that breath to coole your part o'th Poffet, you may chance have a scalding zeale else: and you will needs be doing, pray tell your twenty to your selfe: Would you could like this sir:

Wel. I would your Sister would like me as well Lady.

Mar. Sure sir, she would not care you: but banish that imagination; shee's onely wedded to her selfe, lyes with her selfe, and loves her selfe: and for another husband then her selfe, he may knocke at the gate, but nere come in: be wise sir, shee's a woman and a trouble, and has her many faults, the lest of which is, she cannot love you.

Abig. God pardon her, shee'll doe worse, would I were worthy his least grieve Mistresse *Martha*.

Wel. Now I must over-heare her.

Mar. Faich would thou hadst them all with all my heart; I doe not thinke they would make thee a day older.

Abig. Sir, will you put in deeper, 'tis the sweeter.

Mar. Well said old sayings.

Welford. Shee looks like one indeed. Gentlewoman you keepe your word, your sweet selfe has made the bottome sweeter.

Abig. Sir, I begin a frolicke, dare you change sir?

Wel. My selfe for you, so please you. That smile hath turn'd my stomacke: This is right the old Embleme of the Moyle cropping

The Scurfull Lady.

cropping off Thistles : Lord what a hunting head she carries, sure
shee has beene ridden with a Martingale. Now Love deliver
mee.

Rog. Doe I dreame, or doe I wake? surely I know not : am
I ruub'd off, is this the way of all my morning Prayers? Oh *Roger*,
thou art but grasse, and woman as a flower. Did I for this con-
sume my quarters in meditations, vowes, and wooed her in He-
roycall Epistles? Did I expound the Owle, and undertooke with
labour and expence the collection of those thousand Peeces, con-
sum'd in Cellors and Tobacco shops, of that our honoured Eng-
lishman *Ni. Br.* have I done this, and am I done thus too? I will
end with the Wise-man, and say, Hee that holds a woman, has an
Eccl by the tayle.

Mar. Sir 'tis so late, and our entertainment (meaning our Pos-
set) by this is growne so cold, that 'twere an unmannerly part
longer to hold you from your rest : let what the house has be at
your command sir.

Wel. Sweet rest be with you Lady ; and to you what you de-
sire too.

Abig. It should be some such good thing like your selfe then.

Wel. Heaven keepe me from that curse, and all my issue.
Good night Antiquity.

Rog. *Solamen Misericordiae habuisse Doloris.* But I alone.

Wel. Learned sir, will you bid my man come to me? and re-
questing a greater measure of your learning, good night, good
Master Roger.

Rog. Good sir, peace be with you.

Exit Roger.

Wel. Aduce deare *Domine.* Halfe a dozen such in a kingdome
would make a man forswear confession : for who that had but
halfe his wits about him, would commit the counsell of a serious
sinne to such a cruell night cap?

Why how now, shall we have an Antique? *Enter Ser.*

Whose head do you carry upon your shoulders, that you jole it
so against the Post? Is't for your ease? Or have you seen the Sel-
lor? Where are my slippers sir?

Ser. Here sir.

Wel. Where sir? have you got the pot verdugo? have you
seene the horses sir?

Ser. Yes sir.

The Scornfull Lady.

Wel: Have they any meat?

Ser: Faith Sir, they have a kinde of wholesome Rushes, May I cannot call it.

Wel: And no Provender?

Ser: Sir, so I take it.

Wel: You are merry sir, and why so?

Ser: Faith sir, here are no Oates to be got, unlesse youle have them in porridge: the people are so mainly given to spoonmeat: yonders a cast of Coachmares of the Gentlewomans, the strangest Cattell.

Wel: Why?

Ser: Why, they are transparant sir, you may see through them; and such a house?

Wel: Come sir, the truth of your discovery.

Ser: Sir, they are in tribes like Jewes: the Kitchen and the Day ry, make one tribe, and have their faction and their fornication within themselves; the Buttery and the Landry are another, and there's no love lost; the Chambers are entire, and what's done there, is somewhat higher then my knowledge: but this I am sure betweene these copulations, a stranger is kept vertuous, that is, fasting. But of all this the drinke sir.

Wel: What of that sir?

Ser: Faith sir, I will handle it, as the time and your patience will give me leave. This drinke, or this cooling Julip, of which three spoonfuls kils the Calenture, a pint breeds the cold palsey.

Wel: Sir, you belie the house.

Ser: I would I did sir. But as I am a true man, if 'twere but one degree colder, nothing but an Asses hoofe would hold it.

Wel: I am glad on't sir, for if it had proved stronger, you had beene tongue-tide of these commendations. Light me the candle sir, he heare no more.

Enter Young Loveloffe, and his Comrades, with Wench and two Fiddlers.

Yo. Lo. Come my brave man of warre, trace out thy Darling:
And you my learned Councell, set and turne boyes:
Kisse till the Cow come home, kisse close, kisse close knaves.
My Moderne Poet, thou shalt kisse in couplets. *Enter with wine.*
Strike up you merry Varlets, and leave your peeping.

This

The Scornfull Lady.

This is no pay for Fiddlers :

Cap. O my deare Boy, thy *Hercules*, thy Captaine
Makes thee his *Hilas*, his delight, his solace.
Love thy brave man of warre, and let thy bounty
Clap him in *Shamois* : Let there be deducted out of our maine po-
Five Markes in hatchments to adorn this thigh, (ration,
Crampt with this rest of peace, and I will fight
Thy battels.

Yong Lo : Thou shalt hav'rt boy, and fly in Feather :
Leade on a March you Michers.

Enter Savill.

Savill : O my head, O my heart, what a noyse and change is
here ? would I had been cold i'th mouth before this day, and nere
have liv'd to see this dissolution. Hee that lives within a mile of
this place, had as good sleepe in the perpetuall noyse of an yron
Mill. There's a dead sea of drinke i'th Seller, in which goodly
vessels lye wrackt, and in the middle of this deluge appeares the
tops of Flagons and blacke Jacks, like Churches drown'd i'th
Marshes.

Yong Lo : What art thou come ? My sweet sir *Amias*, welcome
to *Troy*. Come, thou shalt kisse my *Hellen*, and court her in a
dance.

Savill : Good sir consider.

Yong Lo : Shall we consider Gentlemen. How say you ?

Cap. Consider, that were a simple toy y^e faith, consider I whose
Morals that ? The man that cryes consider is our foe: let my Steele
know him.

Yong Lo. Stay thy dead doing hand, he must not dye yet : pre-
thee be calme my *Hector*.

Cap. Peasant, slave, thou groome, compos'd of grudgings, live
and thanke this Gentleman, thou hadst seene *Pluto* else. The next
consider kils thee.

Trav. Let him drinke downe his word againe in a gallon
of Sacke.

Post. 'Tis but a snuffe, make it two gallons, and let him doe it
kneeling in repentance.

Savil. Nay rather kull me, there's but a lay man lost. Good
Captaine doe your office.

Yong Lo. Thou shalt drinke Steward, drinke and dance my
Steward.

The Scornfull Ladie.

steward. Strike him a Horne-pipe Squeakers, take thy striver, and pace her till she strew.

Savill. Sure sir, I cannot dance with your Gentlewomen, they are too light for me, pray breake my head, and let me goe.

Cap. He shall dance, he shall dance.

Yo. Lo. He shall dance, and drinke, and be drunke, and dance, and be drunke againe, and shall see no meat in a yeare.

Poet. And three quarters.

Yo. Lo. And three quarters be it.

Cap. Who knocks there? Let him in.

Enter Elder Lovelesse disguised.

Savill. Some to deliver me, I hope.

El. Lo. Gentlemen, God save you all, my businesse is to one Master Lovelesse.

Cap. This is the Gentleman you meane; view him, and take his Inventory, hee's a right one.

Eld. Lo. He promises no lesse sir.

Yo. Lo. Sir, your businesse?

El. Lo. Sir, I should let you know, yet I am loath, yet I am sworne too't, would some other tongue would speake it for me.

Yo. Lo. Out with it a Gods name.

El. Lo. All I desire sir is, the patience and sufferance of a man, and good sir be not mov'd more.

Yo. Lo. Then a pottle of Sacke will doe, here's my hand, prethee thy businesse?

Eld. Lo. Good sir excuse me, and whatsoever you heare, thinke must have been known unto you, and be your selfe discreet, and beare it nobly.

Yo. Lo. Prethee dispatch me.

El. Lo. Your Brothers dead sir.

Yo. Lo. Thou dost not meane dead drunke.

El. Lo. No, no, dead, and drown'd at sea sir,

Yo. Lo. Art sure hee's dead?

El. Lo. Too sure sir.

Yo. Lo. I but art thou very certainly sure of it?

El. Lo. As sure sir, as I tell it.

Yo. Lo. But art thou sure he came not up againe?

Elder

The Scornfull Lady.

Eld. Lo. He may come up, but nere to call you brother.

Yo. Lo. But art sure he had water enough to drowne him?

Eld. Lo. Sure fir, he wanted none.

Yo. Lo. I would not have him want, I lov'd him better; here I forgive thee: and I faith be plaine, how doe I beare it?

Eld. Lo. Very wisely fir.

Yo. Lo. Fill him some wine. Thou dost not see me mov'd, these transitory toyces nere trouble me, hee's in a better place, my friend I know't. Some fellowes would have cry'd now, and have curst thee, and falne out with their meat, and kept a pudder; but all this helpes not, hee was too good for us, and let God keepe him: there's the right use on't friend. Off with thy drinke, thou hast a spice of sorrow makes thee dry: fill him another. *Savill*, your Masters dead, and who am I now *Savill*? Nay, lets all beare it well, wipe *Savill*, wipe, teares are but throwne away: we shall have wenches now, shall we not *Savill*?

Savill. Yes fir.

Yong Lo. And drinke innumerable?

Savill. Yes forsooth.

Yong Lo. And youle straine cursie and be drunke a little.

Sa. I would be glad fir, to doe my weake endeavour.

Yong Lo. You may be brought in time to love a Wench too.

Savill. In time the sturdy Oake fir.

Yong Lo. Some more wine for my friend there.

El. Lo. I shall be drunke anone for my good newes; but I have a loving brother, that's my comfort.

Yong Lo. Here's to you fir, this is the worst I wish you for your newes: and if I had another elder Brother, and say it were his chance to feed Haddocks, I should be still the same you see me now, a poore contented Gentleman. More wine for my friend there, hee's dry againe.

El. Lo. I shall be if I follow this beginning. Well my deare brother, if I scape this drowning, 'tis your turne next to sinke, you shall ducketwice before I helpe you. Sir I cannot drinke more; pray you let me have your pardon.

Yong Lo. O Lord fir, 'tis your modesty: more wine, give him a bigger glasse; hugge him my Captaine, thou shalt be my chiefe Mourner.

Cap.

The Seemfull Lady.

Cap. And this my penon : Sir, a full carouse to you, and to my Lord of Land here.

El. Lo. I feele a buzzing in my braines, pray God I beate this out, and He nere trouble them so farre againe. Heere's to you Sir?

Young Lo. To my deare Steward, downe a your knees you Infidell, you Pagan, be drunke and penitent.

Servill. Forgive me sir, and Ile be any thing.

Young Lo. Then be a Bawd, Ile have thee a brave Bawd.

El. Lo. Sir, I must take my leave of you, my businesse is so urgent.

Yo. Lo. Lets have a bridling cast before you goe. File a new stoope.

Eld. Lo. I dare not sir, by no meanes.

Young Lo. Have you any mind to a Wench? I would fain gratifie you for the paines you tooke sir.

El. Lo. As little as to the tother.

Yo. Lo. If you find any stirring, doe but say so.

Eld. Lo. Sir, you are too bounteous; when I feele that itching, you shall assuage it sir, before another; this onely, and farewell sir. Your brother when the storme was most extreame, told all about him, he left a Will which lies close behind a Chimney in the Matted Chamber: and so as well sir, as you have made mee able, I take my leave.

Yo. Lo. Let us imbrace him all: if you grow dry before you end your businesse, pray take a bait here, I have a fresh Hoggs-head for you.

Sa. You shall neither will or choose sir. My Master is a wonderfull fine Gentleman, has a fine state, a very fine state sir, I am his Steward sir, and his man.

El. Lo. Would you were your owne sir, as I left you. Well, I must cast about, or all sinkes.

Sa. Farewell Gentleman, Gentleman, Gentleman.

Eld. Lo. What would you with me sir?

Sa. Fare well Gentleman.

El. Lo. O sleepe sir, sleepe.

Exit Eld. Lo.

Yo. Lo. Well boyes, you see what's false, let's in and drinke, and give thanks for it.

Cap.

The Scornefull Lady.

Cap. Let's give thanks for it.

Yo. Lo. Drunke as I live.

San. Drunke as I live boyes.

Yo. Lo. Why, now thou art able to discharge thine office, and cast up a reckoning of some weight; I will be Knighted, for my state will beare it, 'tis sixteene hundred boyes: off with your hushes, i'll skin you all in Sattin. *Cap.* O sweet *Lovellese!*

Savill. All in Sattin? O sweet *Lovellese!*

Yo. Lo. March in my noble Compeeres: and this my Countesse shall be led by two: and so proceed weto the will.

exunt.

Enter Morecraft the Vsurer, and Widdow.

Mo. And Widdow, as I say, be your owne friend: your husband left you wealthy, I and wife, continue so sweet ducke, continue so. Take heed of young smooth Verlets, younger brothers: they are wormes that will eate through your bags: they are very Lightning, that with a flash or two will melt your money, and never finge your purse-strings: they are Colts, wench, Colts, heddy and dangerous, till we take um up, and make um lie for bonds: looke upon mee, I have had, and have yet matter of moment Gidle, matter of moment; you may meet with a worse backe, i'll not commend it.

Wid. Nor I neither sir?

Mo. Yet thus farre by your favour Widdow, 'tis tuffe.

Wid. And therefore not for my diet, for I love a tender one.

Mo. Sweet Widdow leave your frumps, and be edified: you know my state, I sell no perspectives, Scarfes, Gloves, nor Hangers, nor put my trust in Shoe-ties; and where your Husband in an age was rising by burnt figs, dreg'd with meale, and powdered Sugar, Saunders, and grains, worne-feed and rotten Reasons, and such vile Tobacco, that made the foot-men mangie; I, in a yere have put up hundreds inclos'd: my Widdow, those pleasant Meadows, by a forfeit Mortgage, for which the poore Knight takes a love Chamber, lowes for his Ale, and dare not beat his Hostesse: nay more—

Wid. Good sir no more, what e're my husband was, I know what I am, and if you marry me, you must beare it bravely off sir.

More.

The scornfull Lady.

More. Not with the head, sweet Widdow.

Wid. No sweet Sir, but with your shoulders: I must have you
dub'd, for under that I will not stoope a feather. My Husband was
a fellow lov'd to toyle, fed ill, made gaine his exercise, and so grew
costive, which for I was his wife, and gave way to, and spun mine
owne smockes course, and fir, so little: but let that passe; Time,
that weares all things out, wore out this husband, who in penitence
of such fruitlesse five yeeres marriage, left me great with his wealth,
which if youle be a worthy Goship too, be Knighted Sir?

Enter Savill.

More. Now fir, from whence come you? whose man are you fir?

Savill. Sir, I come from young Master Lovelesse.

More. Be silent fir, I have no money, not a penny for you, he's
funke, your Master's funke, a perish't man fir.

Savill. Indeed his Brothers funke fir, God be with him a perish't
man indeed, and drown'd at Sea.

More. How saidst thou, good my friend, his Brother drown'd?

Savill. Vntimely Sir, at Sea.

More. And thy young Master left sole Heire?

Savill. Yes Sir.

More. And he wants money.

Savill. Yes, and sent me to you, for he is now to be Knighted.

More. Widdow be wise, there's more Land comming, Widdow
be very wise, and give thanks for me Widdow.

Wid. Be you very wise, and be Knighted, and then give thankes
for me Sir.

Savill. What sayes your worship to this money?

More. I say he may have the money if he please.

Savill. A thousand fir?

More. A thousand fir, provided any wife fir, his Land lie for the
payment, otherwise—

Enter Young Lovelesse, and comrades to them.

Savill. He's here himselfe Sir, and can better tell you.

More. My notable deare friend, and worthy Master Lovelesse, and
now right worshipfull, all joy and welcome.

Ya. Lo. Thanks to my deare incloser, Master Morecrafs, prethee
old Angell gold, salute my family, i'll doe as much for yours; this,
and your owne desires, faire Gentlewoman.

Wid. And

The scornfull Lady.

Wid. And yours fir, if you meane well, 'tis a handsome Gentleman.

Yo. Lo. Sirtah my brother's dead.

More. Dead!

Yo. Lo. Dead, and by this time soust for Ember weeke.

More. Dead!

Young Lo. Drown'd, drown'd at Sea Man: by the next fresh Conger that comes, we shall heare more.

More. Now by the faith of my body it moves me much.

Young Lo. What, wilt thou be an Assle, and weepe for the dead? why, I thought nothing but a generall inundation would have mov'd thee, prethee be quiet, he hath left his land behinde him.

More. O ha'she so?

Yo. Lo. Yes faith, I thanke him for't, I have all boy, hast any ready money?

More. Will you sell fir?

Yo. Lo. No not out-right, good Gripe; marry, a mortgage, or such a sleight security.

More. I have no money fit for mortgage, If you will sell, and all or none, i'll worke a new Mine for you.

Savill. Good Sir looke afore you, he'll worke you out of all else: if you sell all your Land, you have sold your Countrey, and then you must to Sea, to seeke your Brother, and there lie pickled in a powdering Tub, and breake your teeth with Biskets, and hard Beeffe, that must have watering fir; and where's your 300. pounds: yeere in drinke then? If you'l turne up the straights, you may; for you have no calling for drinke there, but with a Cannon, nor no scoring, but on your ships sides, and then if you scape with life, and take a faggot Boate, and a bottle of *Vsquebaugh*, come home poore men, like a tipe of Thames-street stinking of pitch and poore Iohn. I cannot tell Sir, I would bee loath to see it.

Cap. Steward, you are an Assle, a meazel'd mungrell, and were it not against the peace of my soveraigne friend here, I would breake your fore-casting coxcombe, dogge I would even with thy staffe of office there, thy pen and inkhorne. Noble boy, the god of gold here hasfed thee well, take money for thy durt: harke and beleewe, thou art cold of constitution, thy seate unhealthfull, sell and bee wise; wee are three that will

The Scornefull Lady.

adorne thee, and live according to thine owne heart childe: which shall be onely ours, and onely ours shall bee the blacke ey'd beauties of the time. Money makes men eternall.

Poet. Doe what you will, 'tis the noblest course, then you may live without the charge of people, onely we foure will make a family: I, and an age that will beget new *Annals*, in which i'll write thy life, my Sonne of pleasure, equall with *Nero* and *Caligula*.

To. Lo. What men were they Captaine?

Cap. Two roaring boyes of *Rome*, that made all split.

To. Lo. Come fir, what dare you give?

Sa. You will not sell fir?

To. Lo. Who told you so fir?

Sa. Good fir have a care.

To. Lo. Peace, or i'll tacke your tongue up to your roose. What money? speake.

More. Six thousand pound fir.

Cap. Take it, has overbidden by the Sunne: bind him to his bargain quickly.

To. Lo. Come strike me luck with earnest, and draw the writings?

More. There's a gods penny for thee.

Savill. Sir for my old Masters sake, let my farme be excepted, if I become his tenant I am undone, my children beggers, and my wife God knowes what: consider me deare fir?

More. I'll have all or none.

To. Lo. All in, all in: dispatch the writings. *Exit with Com.*

Wid. Goe, thou art a pretty fore-handed fellow, would thou wert wiser.

Savill. Now doe I sensibly begin to feele my selfe a Rascall; would I could teach a Schoole, or begge, or lye well, I am utterly undone; now he that taught thee to deceive and cozen, take thee to his mercy; so be it. *Exit Savill.*

More. Come Widdow, come, never stand upon a Knight-hood, 'tis a meere paper honour, and not prooffe enough for a Sergeant. Come, come, I'll make thee——

Wid. To answer in short, 'tis this fir. No Knight, no Widdow, if you make me any thing, it must be a Lady, and so I take my leave.

More. Farewell sweet Widdow, and thinke of it. *(Ex. Wid.)*

Wid. Sir, I doe more then thinke of it, it makes me dreame fir.

More.

More.

The Scurfull Lady

Mon. Shee's rich and sober, if this itch were from her, and say I be at the charge to pay the footemen, and the Trumpets, and the horsemen too, and be a Knight, and she refuse me then, then am I hoist into the Subsidy, and so by consequence should prove a Coxcombe: aile have care of that, Six thousand pound, and then the Land is mine, there's some refreshing yet.

Finis Actus Secundi.

Actus Tertius.

Enter Abigail, and a Draper's Glove.

Abig. If he but follow me, as all my hopes tell me he's man enough, up goes my rest, and I know I shall draw him.

Wel. This is the strangest pamper'd piece of flesh towards fifty, that ever frailty copt withall, what a truce have I here! shee has put upon mee: these women are a pound kinder of Carrell, and love this whorson doing so directly, that they will not stick to make their very skins Bawds to their flesh. Here's dogskin and storax sufficient to kill a Hawke: what to doe with it, beside nailing it up amongst *Irish* heads of Teere, to shew the mightinesse of her palme, I know not: there she is. I must enter into Dialogue. Lady you have lost your Glove.

Abig. No sir, if you have found it.

Wel. It was my meaning Lady to restore it.

Abig. I will be uncivill in me to take backe a favour; Fortune hath so well bestowed Sir, pray weare it for me.

Wel. I had rather weare a bell. But harkie you Mistrisse, what hidden vertue is there in this Glove, that you would have mee weare it? Is't good against sore eyes, or will it charme the tooth-ake? Or these red tops, being steep't in white wine solable, will kill the Itch? or has it so conceal'd a providence to keepe my hand from bonds? If it have none of these, and prove no more but a bare Glove of halfe a Crowne a paire, 'twill be but a halfe courtesie, I weare two alwaies: faith let's draw out, one will doe me no pleasure.

Abig. The tendernesse of his yeeres keepe him as yet in ig-

D 3

Wel.

The scornfull Lady.

norance, he's a well moulded fellow, and I wonder his blood should stirre no higher; but tis his want of company: I must grow neerer to him.

Enter older Lovelesse disguised.

El. Lo. God save you both.

Abig. And pardon you Sir: this is somewhat rude, how came you hither?

El. Lo. Why through the doores, they are open.

Wel. What are you, and what businesse have you here?

El. Lo. More I beleave then you have.

Abig. Who would this fellow speake with: Art thou sober?

Eld. Lo. Yes, I come not here to sleepe.

Wel. Prethee what are thou?

Eld. Lo. As much (gay man) as thou art; I am a Gentleman.

Wel. Art thou no more?

Eld. Lo. Yes, more then thou dar'st be, a Souldier.

Abig. Thou dost not come to quarrell.

El. Lo. No, not with women; I come here to speake with a Gentlewoman.

Abig. Why I am one.

El. Lo. But not with one so gentle.

Wel. This is a fine fellow.

El. Lo. Sir, I am not fine yet. I am but new come over, direct me with your Ticket to your Taylor, and then I shall be fine sir. Lady, if there be a better of your sexe within this house, I say I would see her.

Abig. Why am not I good enough for you sir?

El. Lo. Your way youle be too good, pray end my businesse. This is another Sutor, O fraile woman!

Wel. This fellow with his bluntnesse hopes to doe more than the long suites of a thousand could; though he be sowre, he's quicke, I must not trust him. Sir, this Lady is not to speake with you, she is more serious: you smell as if you were new calkt; goe and be handsome, and then you may sit with her servingmen.

El. Lo. What are you sir?

Wel. Guesse by my out side.

El. Lo. Then I take you sir, for some new filken thing weand from the Countrey, that shall (when you come to keepe good company) be beaten into better manners. Pray good proud Gentlewoman helpe me to your Mistrisse.

Ab. How

The scornfull Lady.

Abig. How many lives hast thou, that thou talkest thus rudely?

El. Lo. But one, one, I am neither Cat nor Woman.

Wel. And will that one life for maintaine you ever in such bold
fawcineffe?

El. Lo. Yes, amongst a nation of such men as you are, and be not
worfe for wearing: Shall I speake with this Lady?

Abig. No by my troth shall you not.

El. Lo. I must stay here then.

Wel. That you shall not neither.

El. Lo. Good fine thing tell me why?

Wel. Good angry thing ile tell you:

This is no place for such companions,

Such louzie Gentlemen shall find their businessse

Better i'th Suburbs, there your strong pitch perfume,

Mingled with lees of Ale, shall reeke in fashion;

This is no Thames street Sir.

Abig. This Gentleman informes you truly:

Prethee be satisfied, and seeke the Suburbs.

Good Captaine, or what ever title else,

The warlike Eeleboats have bestowed upon thee,

Goe and reforme thy selfe, prethee be sweeter,

And know my Lady speaks with no such swabbers.

El. Lo. You cannot talke me out with your tradition

Of wit you picke from playes, go too, I have found ye:

And for you tender sir, whose gentle blood

Runs in your nose, and makes you snuffe at all,

But three pil'd people, I do let you know

He that begot your worships fattin sure

Can make no men sir; I will see this Lady,

And with the reverence of your silkenship,

In these old Ornaments.

Wel. You will not sure.

El. Lo. Sure sir I shall.

Abig. You would be beaten out?

El. Lo. Indeed I would not, or if I would be beaten,

Pray who shall beat me? this good Gentleman

Lookes as he were o'ch peace.

Wel. Sir you shall see that: will you get you one?

Elder

The Shamefull Lady.

El. La. Yes that, that shall correct your boyes tongue:
Dare you fight? I will stay here still. *They draw.*

La. O their things are out, helpe, helpe for Gods sake!

Madam; Iesus they foine at one another!

Madam, why, who is within there?

La. Who breeds this rudenesse? *Wel.* This uncivill fellow:

He sayes he comes from Sea, where I beleve

H'as purg'd away his manners.

La. Why, what of him?

Wel. Why he will rudely without once God blesse you,

Presse to your privacies, and no deniall

Must stand betwixt your person and his businesse:

I let goe his ill Language.

La. Sir, have you businesse with me?

El. La. Madam some I have,

But not so serious to pawne my life for't:

If you keepe this quarter, and maintaine about you

Such Knights o'th *Sunne* as this is, to desie

Men of imployment to ye, you may live,

But in what fame?

La. Pray stay Sir, who has wrong'd you?

El. La. Wrong me he cannot, though uncivilly

He flung his wild words at me: But so you

I thinke he did no honour, to deny

The haste I come withall, a passage to you,

Though I seeme course.

La. Excuse me gentle Sir, 'twas from my knowledge,

And shall have no protection. And to you Sir,

You have shew'd more heat then wit, and from your selfe

Have borrowed power I never gave you here,

To doe these vild unmanly things; my house

Is no blind street to swagger in; and my favours

Not doing yet on your unknowne deserts.

So farre, that I should make you Master of my businesse:

My credit yet, stands fairer with the people

Than to be tride with Swords; And they that come

To doe me Service, must not thinke to win me

With a hazard of a murder, if your love

Consist

The Scornefull Lady.

Consist in fury, carry it to the Campe,
And there in honour of some common Mistresse,
Shorten your youth: I pray be better temper'd,
And give me leave a while Sir.

Wel. You must have it.

Exit Welford.

La. Now sir, your busines?

Eld. Lo. First, I thanke you for schooling this young fellow.
Whom his owne follies, which are prone enough
Daily to fall into, if you but frowne,
Shall leuell him a way to his repentance:
Next, I should raile at you, but you are a woman,
And angers lost upon you.

La. Why at me Sir?

I never did you wrong, for to my knowledge,
This is the first sight of you.

Eld. Lo. You have done that,
I must confesse I have the least curse in,
Because the least acquaintance: But there be,
(If there be honour in the minds of men)
Thousands when they shall know what I deliver,
(As all good men must share in't) will to shame,
Blast your blacke memory.

La. How is this good sir?

El. Lo. Tis that, that if you have a Soule will choake it:
Y'ave kil'd a Gentleman.

La. I kild a Gentleman!

Elder Lo. You and your cruelty have kil'd him woman,
And such a man (let me be angry in't),
Whose least worth weigh'd above all womens vertues
That are; I spare you all to come too: guesse him now.

La. I am so innocent I cannot sir.

Elder Lo. Repent you meane, are you a perfect woman;
And as the first was, made for mans undoing.

La. Sir, you have mist your way, I am not she.

Elder Lo. Would hee had mist his way too, though hee had
Wandered farther than women are ill spoken of,
So he had mist this misery you Lady.

La. How doe you doe Sir?

El. Lo. Well enough I hope.

E

While

The Sorrowfull Lady.

While I can keepe my selfe out from temptations.

La. Pray leape into the matter, whither would ye?

El. La. You had a Servant that your peevishnesse
Injoynd to travaile.

La. Such a one I have
Still, and should be grieved 'twere otherwise.

El. La. Then have your asking, and be grieved, he's dead;
How you will answer for his worth, I know not,

But this I am sure, either hee, or you, or both,
Were starke mad, else he might have liv'd,

To have given a stronger testimony to th' world,
Of what he might have beene. He was a man,

I knew but in his evening, ten Sunnes after,
Forc'd by a tyrant storme, our beaten Barke

Bnlg'd under us; in which sad parting blow,
He cal'd upon his Saint, but not for life,

On you unhappy woman, and whilst all,
Sought to preserve their soules, he desperately

Imbrac'd a wave, crying to all that saw it;
If any live, go to my Fate that forc'd me,

To this unuiewly end, and make her happy:
His name was *Lovelesse*, And I scap't the storme,

And now you have my businesse. *La.* Tis too much.
Would I had beene that storme, he had not perisht.

If youle raile now, I will forgive you fir.
Or if youle call in more, if any more

Come from his ruine, I shall justly suffer
What they can say, I do confesse my selfe

A guilty cause in this. I would say more,
But grieve is growne too great to be delivered.

El. La. I like this well: these women are strange things.
Tis somewhat of the latelt now to weepe;

You should have wept, when he was going from you,
And chain'd him with these teares at home.

La. Would you had told me then so, these two armes had beene
his Sea.

El. La. Trust me, you move me much: but say he lived, these
were forgotten things againe.

Lady. I, say you so? Sure I should know that voice: this is
Knavery.

The Scornefull Lady.

Knavery. I'le fit you for it : Were hee living sir, I would perswade you to be charitable, I, and confesse we are not all so ill, as your opinion holds us. O my friend, what penance shall I put upon my fault, upon my most unworthy selfe for this?

El. Lo. Leave them to others, twas some jealousie,
That turn'd him desperate.

La. Ile be with you straight : are you wrung there?

El. Lo. This workes amaine upon her.

La. I doe confesse there is a Gentleman,
Has borne me long good will,

El. Lo. I doe not like that.

La. And vowed a thousand services to me ; to me, regardlesse of him : But since Fate, that no power can withstand, has taken from me my first, and best love, and to weepe away my youth is a meere folly, I will shew you what I determine sir : you shall know all : Call *M. Welford* there : That Gentleman I meane to make the modell of my Fortunes, and in his chaste imbraces, keepe alive the memory of my lost lovely *Lovelesse* : he is somewhat like him too.

El. Lo. Then you can love?

La. Yes certainly Sir
Though it please you to thinke me hard and cruell,
I hope I shall perswade you otherwise.

El. Lo. I have made my selfe a fine foole.

Enter Welford.

Wel. Would you have spoken with me Madam?

La. Yes, *M. Wel.* and I aske you pardon before this Gentleman, for being forward : this kisse, and henceforth more affection.

El. Lo. So, tis better I were drown'd indeed.

Wel. This is a suddaine passion, God hold it.
This fellow out of his feare, sure has
Perswaded her. Ile give him a new suit on't,

La. A parting kisse, and good sir, let me pray you
To waite me in the Gallene.

Wel. I am in another world, Madam where you please. *Ex. Wel.*

El. La. I will to Sea, an't shall goe hard, but ile bee drown'd in-

La. Now sir you see I am no such hard hearted creature, (deed.
But time may win me.

El. Lo. You have forgot your lost love.

La. Alas Sir, what would you have me to doe ? I cannot call him
backe againe with sorrow ; ile love this man as dearly, and be-

The Scornefull Lady.

throw me, ile keepe him farre enough from Sea, and twas told me now I remember me, by an old wile woman, that my first Love should be drown'd, and see tis come about.

El. Lo. I would she had told you your second should be hang'd too, and let that come about: but this is very strange.

La. Faith sir, consider all, and then I know you'l be of my mind: if weeping could redeeme him, I would weepe still.

El. Lo. But say that I were *Lovelesse*, And scap'd the storme, how would you answer this?

La. Why, for that Gentleman I would leave all the world.

El. Lo. This young thing too?

La. That young thing too:

Or any young thing else: why, I would loose my state.

El. Lo. Why, then he lives still, I am he, your *Lovelesse*.

La. Alas I knew it fir, and for that purpose prepared this Pageant: get you to your taske: And leave these players tricks, or I shall leave you, indeed I shall. Travaile, or know me not.

El. Lo. Will you then marry?

La. I will not promise, take your choice. Farewell.

El. Lo. There is no other Purgatory, but a Woman: I must doe something.

Exit Lovelesse.

Wel. Mistresse I am bold.

Enter Welford.

La. You are indeed. . . *Wel.* You so overjoyed me Lady.

La. Take heed you surfet not, pray fast and welcome.

Wel. By this light you love me extremely.

La. By this light, and to morrows light, I care not for you.

Wel. Come, come, you cannot hide it.

La. Indeed I can, where you shall never find it. (on't.

Wel. I like this mirth well Lady. *La.* You shall have more

Wel. I must kisse you. *La.* No fir. *Wel.* Indeed I must.

La. What must be, must be; ile take my leave, you have your parting blow: I pray commend me to those few friends you have, that sent you hither, and tell them, when you travaile next, 'twere fit you brought lesse bravery with you, and more wit, youle never get a wife else.

Wel. Are you in earnest?

La. Yes faith. Will you eate fir, your horses will bee ready straight, you shall have a napkin laid in the Battery for ye.

Wel. Do not you love me then? *La.* Yes, for that face.

Wel.

The Scornefull Lady.

Wel. It is a good one *Lady.*

La. Yes, if it were not warpe, the fire in time may mend it.

Wel. Me thinks yours is none of the best *Lady.*

La. No by my troth sir; yet o my conscience,
You would make shifte with it.

Wel. Come pray no more of this.

La. I will not: Fare you well. Ho, who's within there? bring
out the Gentlemans horses, he's in haste; and set some cold meat
on the Table.

Wel. I have too much of that I thank you *Lady*: take your cham-
ber when you please, there goes a blacke one with you *Lady.*

La. Farewell young man. *Exit Lady.*

Wel. You have made me one, Farewell: and may the curie of a
great house fall upon thee, I meane the Butler. The devill and all his
workes are in these women, would all of my sex were of my mind.
I would make um a new lent, and a long one, that flesh might be in
more reverence with them.

Ab. I am sorry M. Welford. *Wel.* So am I, that you are here.

Ab. How does my *Lady* use you? *Wel.* As I would use you,

Abig. I should have beene more kind Sir. *(scurvily)*

Wel. I should have beene undone then. Pray leave me, and looks
to your sweet meats; harke your *Lady* calls.

Abig. Sir, I shall borrow so much time without offence.

Wel. Y'are nothing but offence, for Gods love leave me.

Abig. Tis strange my *Lady* should be such a tyrant.

Wel. To send you to me, pray goe fitch, good doe, y'are more
trouble to me than a Terme.

Abig. I doe not know how my good will, if I said love, I lyed
not, should any way deserve this?

Wel. A thousand wayes; a thousand wayes; sweet Creature let
me depart in peace.

Abig. What Creature sir? I hope I am a woman.

Wel. A hundred I thinke by your noyse.

Abig. Since you are angry sir, I am bold to tell you that I am a
woman and a Rib.

Wel. Of a roasted horse. *Abig.* Conster me that?

Wel. A Dog can doe it better; Farewell Countesse, and com-
mend mee to your *Lady*, tell her she's proud, and scurvie, and

The scornfull Lady.

so I commit you both to your tempter. *Ab. Sweet M. Welford.*
Welford. Avoid old Satanas: Goe daube your ruines, your face
loo es fouler than a storme: the Foosemann staves you in the Lobby
Lady.

Abig. If you were a Gentleman, I should know it by your gen-
tle conditions; are these fit words to give a Gentlewoman?

Welf. As fit as they were made for ye: Sirrah, my horses, Fare-
well old Adage, keepe your nose warme, the Rheume will make it
horne else.

Exit Welford.

Abig. The blessings of a Prodigall young heire be thy compa-
nions *Welford*, marry come up my Gentleman, are your gums

growne so tender they cannot bite? A skittish Filly will be your
fortune *Welford*, and faire enough for such a pack saddle. And

I doubt not (if my aime hold) to see her made to amble to your
hand.

Exit Abigail.

*Enter Young Lovelesse and Comrades, Morecraft, Widow,
Savill, and the rest.*

Capt. Save thy brave shoulde, my young puissant Knight, and
may thy backe sword bite them to the bone, that love thee not, thou
art an errant man, goe on, The circumcis'd shall fall by thee. Let
land and labour fill the man that tills, thy sword must be thy plough,
and Jove it speed. *Mecha* shall sweat, and *Mahomet* shall fall, and
thy deare name fill up his Monument.

To. Lo. It shall Captaine, I meane to be a worthy.

Capt. One worthy is too little, thou shalt be all.

More. Captaine, I shall deserve some of your love too.

Capt. Thou shalt have heart and hand too, noble *Morecraft*, if
thou wilt lend me money. I am a man of Garrison, be rul'd, and
open to me those infernall gates, whence gone of thy evill Angels
passe againe, and I will stile thee noble, nay *Don Diego*, ile wooe
thy *Infanta* for thee, and my Knight shall teast her with high meats,
and make her apt.

More. Pardon me Captaine, y'are beside my meaning.

To. Lo. No, M. *Morecraft*, tis the Captaines meaning I should
prepare her for ye.

Cap. Or provoke her.

Speake my moderne man, I say provoke her.

Post. Captain, I say so too, or stir her to it. So lyes the Criticks.

To. Lo. But howsoever you expound it sir, shee's very welcome
and

The Scornefull Lady.

and this shall serve for witnesse. And widdow, since y^e are come so happily, you may deliver up the Keyes, and take possession of this house; whilst I stand by to ratifie.

Wid. I had rather give it backe againe believe me,

Tis a misery to say you had it. Take heed.

Yo. Lo. Tis past that Widdow, come sit downe, I some Wine here, there is a scurvie banquet if we had it. All this faire house is yours Sir. *Savill.*

Sa. Yes Sir.

Yo. Lo. Are your Keyes ready, I must ease your burthen.

Sa. I am ready fir to be undone when you shall call me to it.

Yo. Lo. Come, come, thou shalt live better.

Sa. I shall have lesse to do, that's all; there is halfe a dozen of my friends i^th fields Sunning against a bank, with halfe a breech among um. I shall be with um shortly. The care and continuall vexation of being rich, eat up this r^e call; what shall become of my poore family, they are no sheepe, and they must keep themselves.

Yo. Lo. Drinke Master Morecraft, pray be merry all.

Nay, and you will not drinke, there's no societic:

Captaine, speake loud, and drinke: Widdow, a word?

Cap. Expound her thoroughly Knight. Here god a gold? here's to thy faire possessions: Be a Barron, and a bold one: Leave off your tickling of young heires like Trouts, and let thy Chimneyes smoke. Feed men o war, live and be honest, and be saved yet.

More. I thanke you worthy Captaine for your counsell. You keepe your Chimnies smoking there, your nostrils; and when you can, you feed a man of War, this makes you not a Barron, but a bare one: and how, or when you shall be saved, let the Clarke o^th company (you have commanded) have a just care of.

Poet. The man is much moved. Be not angry Sir, but as the Poet sings, let your displeasure be a short fury, and goe out. You have spoke home, and bitterly, to me sir? Captaine take truce, the Miser is a tart, and a witty whorson.

Cap. Poet, you faine perdie, the wit of this man lies in his fingers ends, he must tell all; his tongue fills his mouth like a neats-tongue, and onely serves to lieke his hungry chaps after a purchase: his brains and brimstone are the divels diet to a fat usurers head: To her Knight, to her: clap her aboard, and stow her. Where's the brave Steward.

Sa. Here's

The Iournall Lady.

Savill. Here's your poore friend, and *Savill* Sir.

Cap. Away, th' art rich in ornaments of Nature. First in thy face thou hast a serious face, a betting, bargaining, and saving face, a rich face, pawne it to the Vsurer; a face to kindle the compassion of the most ignorant and frozen Iustice.

Savill. Tis such I dare not shew it shordly Sir.

Cap. Be blithe and bonny Steward: M. *Morecraft*,
Drinke to this man of reckoning?

More. Here's e'ne to him.

Sa. The devill guide it downeward: would there were in't an aker of the great broome field he bought: to sweep your dirty conscience, or to choke you, tis all one to me Vsurer.

Young Lo. Consider what I told you, you are young, unapt for worldly businesse: Is it fit one of such tendernes, so delicate, so contrary to things of care, should stirre and breake her better meditations, in the bare brokage of a brace of Angels; or a new kirtle, though it be Sattin: Eat by the hope of surfers, and lye downe only in expectation of a morrow, that may undoe some easie hearted foole, or reach a widdowes curses: Let out money whose use returns the principall: and get out of these troubles, and consuming heire? For such a one must follow necessary, you shall dye haled, if not old and miserable; and that posselt wealth that you got with pining, live to see tumbled to anothers hands, that is no more a kin to you, than you to his coozenage.

Wid. Sir you speake well, would God that charity had first begun here.

Yo. Lo. Tis yet time, Be merry, me thinkes you want wine there, there's more i'th house: Captaine, where rests the health?

Cap. It shall go round boy.

Yo. Lo. Say you can suffer this, because the end points at much profit, can you so farre bow below your blood, below your too much beauty to be a partner of this fellows bed, and lie with his diseases? If you can, I will not presse you further: yet looke upon him: there's nothing in that hide-bound Vsurer; that man of mat, that all decay'd; but aches: for you to love, unlesse his perisht lungs, his dry cough, or his scurvie. This is truneth, and so far I dare speake yet; he has yet, past cure of Physicke, spaw, or any diet, a primitive pox in his bones; and a my knowledge he has bin ten times roweld: ye may love him; he had a bastard, his owne toward
whips

The scornfull Lady.

whipt, and then cropt for washing out the roses, in three farthings to make um pence.

Wid. I doe not like these Morals?

Yo. lo. You must not like him then.

Enter Eld. Lo.

El. lo. By your leave Gentlemen?

Yo. lo. By my troth sir you are welcome, welcome faith: Lord what a stranger you are growne; pray know this Gentlewoman, and if you please, these friends here: wee are merry, you see the worst on's; your house has beene kept warme sir?

El. lo. I am glad to heare it brother, pray God you are wise too.

Yo. Lo. Pray M. *Morecraft* know my elder brother, and Capitaine, do you complement; *Sawill*, I dare sweare is glad at heart to see you: Lord, we heard sir you were drown'd at Sea, and see how luckily things come about?

More. This money must be paid againe sir.

Yo. Lo. No sir, pray keepe the Sale, twill make good Taylors measures: I am well I thanke you.

Wid. By my troth the Gentleman has stew'd him in his owne Sawce, I shall love him for'e.

Sa. I know not where I am, I am so glad: your worship is the welcomst man alive; upon my knees I bid you welcome home: here has beene such a hurry, such a din, such dismall drinking, swearing, and whoring, that almost made me mad: we have all lived in a continuall *Turneball-Street*; Sir blest be Heaven, that sent you safe againe; now shall I eat, and go to bed againe.

El. Lo. Brother dismisse these people.

Yo. Lo. Captain be gon a while, meet me at my old *Randevouze* in the evening, take your small Poet with you. M. *Morecraft* you were best goe prattle with your learned Councell, I shall preserve your money, I was cozened when time was, we are quit sir.

Wid. Better and better still. *El. lo.* What is this fellow brother?

Yo. lo. The thirsty Vsurer, that suct my land off.

El. lo. What does he tarry for?

Yo. lo. Sir to be Landlord of your house and state: I was bold to make a little Sale sir.

More. Am I over reach'd? if there be law ile hamper yee.

Eld. lo. Prethee be gone, and rave at home, thou art so base a foole I cannot laugh at thee: Sirrah, this comes of cozening, home and spare, eat reddish till you raise your sums againe. If you stir

The Scornefull Lady.

farre in this, ile have you whipt, your eares nail'd for intelligencing
toth Pillorie, and your goods forfeit : you are a stale cozener,
leave my house : no more —

More. A poxe upon your house. Come Widdow, I shall yet
hamper this young Gamester.

Wid. Good twelve i'th hundred, keepe your way, I am not
for your diet, marry in your owne tribe Jew, and yet a Broker.

Yo. lo. Tis well said Widdow : will you jogge on sir?

More. Yes, I will go, but tis no matter whither :

But when I trust a wild soole and a woman,

May I lend *gratis*, and build Hospitals.

Yo. lo. Nay, good sir, make all even, here a widdow wants your
good word for me, she's rich, and may renew me, & my fortunes.

El. lo. I am glad you looke before you. Gentlewoman, here is
a poore distressed younger brother.

Wid. You do him wrong sir, he's a Knight?

El. lo. I aske you mercy : yet tis no matter, his Knighthood is
no inheritance I take it : whatsoever he is, he is your Servant, or
would be Lady, Faich bee not mercilesse, but make a man ; he's
young and handsome, though he be my brother, and his observan-
ces may deserve your love : he shall not fall for meanes.

Wid. Sir, you speake like a worthy brother : and so much I doe
credit your faire language, that I shall love your Brother : and so
love him, but I shall blush to say more.

El. lo. Stop her mouth. I hope you shall not live, to know
that houre when this shall be repented. Now Brother, I should
chide, but ile give no distaste to your faire Mistress, I will instruct
her in't, and she shall doe't : you have bin wild and ignorant, pray
mend it.

Y. lo. Sir, every day now Spring comes on.

El. lo. To you good M. Savill, and you office ; thus much I
have to say : Y'ate from my Steward become, first your owne
Drunkard, then his Bawd : they say y'are excellent growne in
both, and perfect : give me your Keyes sir Savill.

Sa. Good sir consider who you left me too.

El. lo. I left you as a curb for, not to provoke my brothers fol-
lies, where's the best drinke now ? come tell me Savill ; where's
the soundest whores ? Ye old he Goat, ye dried Ape, ye lame stal-
lion, must you be leading in my house your whores, like Fairies

dance

The Scornefull Lady.

dance their night's rounds, without feare, either of King or Constable, within my wals? Are all my Hangings safe, my sheepe unsold yet? I hope my plate is currant, I ha'too much on't. What say you to thirtie pounds in drinke now?

Savil. Good sir forgive me, and but heare me speake?

El. lo. Me thinks thou shouldst be drunke still, and not speake 'tis the more pardonable.

Sa. I will sir, if you will have it so.

El. lo. I thanke ye: Yes, e'ne persue it sir: doe you heare? get a whore soone for your recreation: goe looke out *Captaine Broken-breech* your fellow, and quarrell if you dare: I shall deliver these Keyes to one shall have more honestie, though not so much fine wit Sir. You may walke and gather *Cresses* sir, to coole your liver; there's something for you to begin a diet, you'l have the poxe else; speed you well sir *Savil*: you may eate at my house to preserve life, but keep no fornication in the stables. *Ex. omn. pr. Sa.*

Sa. Now must I hang my selfe, my friends will looke for't.

Eating and sleeping, I doe despise you both now:
I will run mad first, and if that get no pittie,
Ile drowne my selfe, to a most dismall dittie. *Ex. Savil*

Finis Actus Tertij.

ACTVS 4. SCENA I.

Enter Abigail solus.

Abigail. Alas poore Gentlewoman, to what a miserie hath age brought thee: to what a scurvie Fortune? thou that hast beene a Companion of Noblemen, and at the worst of those times for Gentlemen: now like a broken Serving-man, must begge for favour to those, that would have crawl'd like Pilgrims to my Chamber, but for an apparition of me: you that be comming on, make much of fiftene, and so till five and twentie, use your time with reverence, that your profit may arise: it will not tarry with you, *ecce signum*: here was a face, but time that like a surfer, eates our youth, plague of his iron teeth, and draw um for't, has beene a little bolder here then welcome: and now to say the truth, I am fit for no man. Old men i'th house of fiftie, call me Gramam; and when they are drunke, e'ne then: when *Jeane* and my Ladie are all one, not one will doe me reason. My little Levins hath forsaken

The scornfull Lady.

me, his silver sound of Cytterne, quite abolisht his dolefull hymns under my Chamber window, digested into tedious learning: well foole, you leapt a haddocke when you left him: he's a cleane man, and a good Edifier, and twenty nobles in his state *de claro*, besides his pigges in *posse*. To this good *Hemilist* I have beene ever stubborn, which God forgive me for, and mend my manners: and love if ever thou hadst care of forty, of such a peece of late ground, heare my prayer, and fire his zeale so farre forth, that my fautes, in this renewed impression of my love, may shew corrected to our gentle Reader. *Enter Roger.*

See how negligently he passes by me: with what an Equipage Canonicall, as though he had broken the heart of *Bellermine*, or added something to the singing Brethren. Tis scorn, I know it and deserve it. Master *Roger*.

Rog. Faire Gentlewoman, my name is *Roger*.

Abig. Then gentle *Roger*. *Rog.* Vngentle *Abigall*.

Ab. Why M: *Roger*, will you set your wit to a weak womans?

Rog. You are weake indeed, for so the Poet sings.

Ab. I doe confesse my weakenesse sweet sir *Roger*.

Ro. Good my Ladies Gentlewoman, or my good Ladies Gentlewoman (this trope is lost to you now) leave your prating, you have a season of your first mother in ye: and surely had the devill beene in love, he had beene abused too: goe *Dalida*, you make men fooles, and weare fig-breeches.

Ab. Well, well, hard hearted man; dilate upon the weak infirmities of women: these are fit texts, but once there was a time, would I had never seene those eyes, those eyes, those orient eyes.

Rog. I, they were pearles once with you.

Abig. Saving your reverence sir, so they are still.

Rog. Nay, nay, I doe beseech you leave your cogging, what they are, they are, they serve me without Spectacles I thanke un-

Abig. O will you kill me? *Rog.* I do not thinke I can.

Yare like a Coppy-hold with nine lives in't.

Abig. You were wont to beare a Christian feare about you: For your owne worships sake.

Ro. I was a Christian foole then: Doe you remember what a dance you led me? how I grew quam'd in love, and was a dunce? could expound but once a quarter, and then was out too: and then out

The scornfull Lady.

out of the stinking str you put me in, I prayed for my owne issue.
You doe remember all this? *Abig.* O be as then you were.

Roger. I thanke you for it, surely I will be wiser *Abigall*: and as
the Ethnick Poet sings, I will not loose my oile and labour too.
Yare for the worshipfull I take is *Abigall*.

Abig. O take it so, and then I am for you.

Reg. I like these teares well, and this humbling also; they are
Symytones of contrition. If I should fall into my sic again, would
you not shake me into a quoridian Coxcombe? Would you not
use me scurvily againe, and give me Possets with purging Comfits
in't? I tell thee Gentlewoman, thou hast beene harder to me, than
a long predegree.

Abig. O Curate cure me: I will love thee better, dearer, lon-
ger, I will doe any thing, betray the secrets of the maine house,
hold to thy reformation. My Lady shall looke lovingly on thy
learning, and when true time shall point thee for a Parson, I will
convert thy egges to penny custards, and thy tithes goole shall grafe
and multiply.

Reg. I am mollified, as well shall testifie this faithfull kisse, and
have a great care Mistris *Abigall*, how you depreesse the Spirit any
more with your rebukes and mocks: for certainly the edge of such
a folly cuts it selfe.

Abig. O Sir, you have pierc'd me thorow: Here I vow a recan-
tation to those malicious faults I ever did against you. Never more
will I despise your learning, never more pin cards and cunny tails
upon your Cassock, never againe reproach your reverend night-cap,
and call it by the mangie name of Mutrin, never your reverend per-
son more; and say you looke like one of *Ball*, Priests in a hanging;
never againe when you say grace, laugh at you, nor put you out at
prayers, never crampe you more, nor when you ride, get Sope and
Thistles for you. No my *Roger*, these faults shall be corrected and
amended, as by the tenour of my teares appeares.

Reg. Now cannot I hold if I should be hang'd, I must cry too.
Come to thine owne beloved, and doe even what thou wilt with
me sweet, sweet *Abigall*. I am thine owne for ever, here's my hand,
when *Roger* proves a recreant, hang him with Belropes.

Enter Lady, and Martha.

La. Why how now Master *Roger*, no prayes down with you

The scornfull Lady.

to night? Did you heare the bell ring? you are courting: your flock shall fat well for it.

Rog. I humbly aske your pardon: ile chop up prayers (but stay a little) and be with you againe. *Ex. Rog. enter El. lo.*

La. How dare you, being so unworthie a fellow, presume to come to move me any more?

El. lo. Ha, ha, ha. *La.* What ailes the fellow?

El. lo. The fellow comes to laugh at you, I tell you *Lady* I would not for your land be such a Coxcomb, such a whining Assle, as you decreed me for, when I was last here.

La. I joy to here you are wise, 'tis a rare jewell in an elder-brother: pray be wiser yet.

El. lo. Methinks I am very wise: I do not come a woing, Indeed ile move no more love to your Ladiship.

La. What make you here then?

El. lo. Only to see you and be merrie *Ladie*: that's all my business. Faith lets be very merrie. Where's little *Roger*? he's a good fellow: an houre or two well spent in wholsome mirth, is worth a thousand of these pining passions. 'Tis an ill world for lovers.

La. They were never fewer.

El. lo. I thanke God there's one lesse for me *Ladie*.

La. You were never any Sir.

El. lo. Till now, and now I am the prettiest fellow.

La. You talke like a Tailor Sir.

El. lo. Methinks your faces are no such fine things now.

La. Why, did you tell me you were wise. What a lying age is this, where will you mend these faces?

El. lo. A Hogs face soust is worth a hundred of um.

La. Sure you had a Sow to your mother.

El. lo. She brought forth such fine white Pigs as you, fit for none but Parsons, *Ladie*.

La. 'Tis well you will allow us our Clergie yet.

El. lo. That will not save you. O that I were in love againe with a wish.

La. By this light y'are a scurvie fellow, pray be gone.

El. lo. You know I am a cleere skind man.

La. Do I know it?

El. lo. Come, come, you would know it; that's as good: but not

The Scornefull Lady.

not a snap, never long for't, nor a snap deeze Lady.

La. Harke ye Sir, harke ye, get ye to the Suburbs, there's horse-flesh for such hounds: will you go sir?

El.lo. Lord how I lov'd this woman, how I worshipt this pretty calfe with the white face here: as I live, you were the prettiest foole to play withall, the wittiest little varlet, it would take: Lord how it talkt; and when I angered it, it would cry out, and scratch, and eat no meate, and it would say, go hang.

La. It will say so still, if you anger it.

El.lo. And when I askt it if it would be married, it sent me of an errant into *France*, and would abuse me, and be glad it did so.

La. Sir this is most unmanly, pray be gone.

El.lo. And I sweare (even when it twittered to be at me) I was unhandsome, *La.* Have you no manners in you.

El.lo. And say my backe was melted, when God he knowes, I kept it at a charge: *Four Flanders Mares*, would have beene easier to me, and a Fencer.

La. You thinke all this is true now?

El.lo. Faith whether it be or no, tis too good for you. But so much for our mirth. Now have at you in earnest.

La. There's enough Sir, I desire no more.

El.lo. Yes faith, we'll have a cast at your best parts now, And then the Devill take the worst.

La. Pray sir no more, I am not so much affected with your commendations, tis almost dinner, I know they stay for you at the ordinary.

El.lo. Ene a short Grace, and then I am gone; You are a woman, and the proudest that ever lov'd a Coach: the scornefullest, scurviest, and most sencelesse woman; the greediest to be prais'd, and never mov'd, though it be grosse and open; the most envious, that at the poore fame of anothers face, would eat your owne, and more then is your owne, the paint belonging to it: of such a selfe opinion, that you thinke none can deserve your glove: and for your malice, you are so excellent, you might have beene your Tempters tutor: nay, never cry.

La. Your owne heart knowes you wrong me: I cry for ye?

El.lo. You shall before I leave you.

La. Is all this spoke in earnest?

El.lo. Yes and more as soone as I can get it out.

La. Well

The scornfull Lady.

La. Well out with't. *El. lo.* You are; let me see.

La. One that has us'd you with too much respect.

El. lo. One that has us'd me (since you will have it so) the basest, the most Foot-boy like, without respect of what I was, or what you might be by me: you have us'd me as I would use a jade, ride him off's legs, then turne him to the Commons: you have us'd me with discretion, and I thanke ye. If you have many more such pretty Servants, pray build an Hospitall, and when they are old, pray keepe um for shame.

La. I cannot thinke yet this is serious.

El. lo. Will you have more on't?

La. No faith, there's enough if it be true:

Too much by all my part, you are no lover then?

El. lo. No, I had rather be a Carrier.

La. Why, the Gods amend all.

El. lo. Neither doe I thinke there can be such a fellow found i'th world, to be in love with such a froward woman: if there be such, th'are mad. *Love* comfort um. Now have you all, and I as new a man, as light, as spirited, that I feele my selfe cleane through another creature. O'tis brave to be ones owne man, I can see you now as I would see a Picture, sit all day by you and never kisse your hand: heare you sing, and never fall backward: but with as set a temper, as I would heare a Fidler, rise and thanke you. I can now keepe my monie in my purse, that still was gadding out for Scarfes and Wastcoats: and keepe my hand from Mercers sheepskins finely. I can eat Mutton now, and feast my selfe with my two shillings, and can see a Play for eightene pence againe, I can my Lady.

La. The carriage of this fellow vexes mee. Sir, pray let mee speake a little private with you, I must not suffer this.

El. lo. Ha, ha, ha, what would you with me?

You will not ravish me? Now, your set speech?

La. Thou perjur'd man, *El. lo.* Ha, ha, ha, this a fine *exordium*? And why I pray you perjur'd?

La. Did you not sweate a thousand thousand times, you lov'd me best of all things?

El. lo. I doe confesse it: make your best of that.

La. Why doe you say you doe not then?

El. lo. Na,

The scornfull Lady.

El. lo. Nay ile sweare it, And give sufficient reason, your owne usage.

La. Do you not love me now then? *El. lo.* No faith.

La. Did you ever thinke I lov'd you dearly?

El. lo. Yes, but I see but rotten fruits on't.

La. Do not deny your hand, for I must kisse it, and take my last farewell: now let me die, so you be happy.

El. lo. I am too foolish: Lady, speake deare lady.

La. No, let me die. *She sweares.*

Ma. O my sister! *Abig.* O my lady, help, help.

Mar. Run for some *Rosafelis.*

El. lo. I have plaid the fine asse; bend her body; Lady, best, dearest, worthiest lady, here your servant: I am not as I shew'd: O wretched foole, to fling away the Jewell of thy life thus. Give her more ayre, see, she begins to stir, sweet Mistris here me?

La. Is my servant well? *El. lo.* In being yours I am so.

La. Then I care not.

El. lo. How do ye, reach a chaire there; I confesse my fault not pardonable: in presuming thus upon such tendernesse, my wilfull error; but had I knowne it would have wrought thus with ye, thus strangely; not the world had won me to it. & let not (my best Ladie) any word spoke to any end disturbe your quiet peace: for sooner shall you know a generall ruine, then my faith broken. Doe not doubt this Mistris, for by my life I cannot live without you. Come, come, you shall not grieve, rather be angry, and heape affliction on me: I will suffer, O I could curse my selfe, pray smile upon me. Vpon my faith it was but a trick to trie you, knowing you lov'd me dearly, and yet strangely that you would never shew it, though my meanes was all humilitie.

All. Ha, ha. *El. lo.* How now?

La. I thanke you fine foole for your most fine plot; this was a subtil one, a stiffe device to have caught Dotrels with, good senselesse sir, could you imagine I should swonne for you, and know your selfe to be an arrant asse? I ha' discovered one, tis quit, I thanke you sir, Ha, ha, ha.

Mar. Take heed Sir, she may chance to swonne againe?

All. Ha, ha, ha.

Abig. Step to her, see how she changes colour.

The Schoolfull Lady.

El. lo. Ile goe to hell first, and be better welcome?
I am foold, I do confesse it, finely foold:
Lady, foold Madam, and I thanke you for it.

La. Faith tis not so much worth fir:
But if I knew when you come next a burding,
Ile have a stronger noose to hold the Woodcocke.

All. Ha, ha, ha.

El. lo. I am glad to see you merry; pray laugh on.

Mar. Had a hard heart that could not laugh, youle anger him,
And then he'l raile like a rode Costermonger,
That School-boyes had cozened of his Apples,
As loud and senselesse?

El. lo. I will not raile.

Mar. Faith then lets hear him fister.

El. lo. Yes, you shall heare me.

La. Shall we be the better by it then?

Eld. lo. No, he that makes a woman better by his words,
Ile have him Sainted: blowes will not doe it.

La. By this light he'l beare us.

El. lo. You doe deserve it richly,
And you may live to have a Beadle doe it.

La. Now he railes?

El. lo. Come scornfull Folly,
If this be railing, you shall heare me raile.

La. Pray put it in good words then.

El. lo. The worst are good enough for such a trifle,
Such a proud pease of Cobweblawne.

La. You bite fir?

El. lo. I would, till the bones crackt and I had my will.

Mar. We had best muzzle him, he growes mad.

El. lo. I would 'twere lawfull in the next great sicknesse to
have the dogs spared, those harmelesse creatures, and knocke i'th
head these hot continuall plagues, women, that are more infecti-
ous. I hope the State will thinke on't.

La. Are you well fir?

Mar. He looks as though he had a grievous fit o'th Collick.

El. lo. Greene-ginger will cure me.

Abig. Ile heat a trencher for him.

El. lo. Durty December, doe: Thon with a face as old as Erra

The Scurfoll Lady.

Rat. Such a Dragooninging nose: thou thing that ten yeares
since has left to be a woman, outworne the expectation of a Band;
and thy dry bones can reach at nothing now, but gords, or nine-
pins: pray go fetch a trencher, goe.

La. Let him alone, he's crackt.

Abig. He see him hang'd first, he's a beastly fellow to use a wo-
man of my breeding thus: I marry it I would I were a man,
I'd make him eat his Knaves words?

El. Tie your shee Otter up, good Lady folly, shee stinks
worse then a Beare baiting.

La. Why will you be angry now?

El. Goe paint and purge, call in your kitchell with you:
you a Lady?

Abig. Sirrah, looke to't against the quarter Sessions; if there be
good behaviour in the world, I have thee bound to it.

El. You must not seeke it in your Ladies house then; pray
send this Ferret home, and spinne good *Abigail*, and Madam,
that your Ladiship may know, in what base manner ye have us'd
my service, I doe from this houre hate thee heartily; and though
your folly should whip you to repentance, & waken you at length
to see my wrongs, tis not the endevour of your life shall win me,
nor all the friends you have make intercession, nor your submissive
letters, though they spoke as many tears as words; nor your knees
growne to th ground in penitence, nor all your state, to kisse you;
nor my pardon and will to give you Christian buriall: if you die
thus; so farewell. When I am married, and made sure, I'll come and
visit you againe, and vex you Lady. By all my hopes its be a tor-
ment to you, worse then a tedious winter: I know you will recant
and sue to me, but save that labour: I'll rather love a fever and con-
tinuall thirst, rather contract my youth to drinke, and sacordote
upon quartels, I or take a dravne whore from an Hostiall: that
time, diseases, and *Mercury* had eaten, then to be dravne to love
you.

La. Ha, ha, ha, pray doe, but take heed though.

El. From thee, false dice, lades, Cowards, and plaguy
Summers, good Lord deliver me. *Exit Elderly wench.*

La. But barke you Servant, barke ye: is he gone? call him again.

Abig. Hang him Padocke.

The scornfull Lady.

La. Art thou here still? flie, flie, and call my Servant, flie, or nere see me more.

Abigal. I had rather knit againe then see that rascall, but I must doe it.

Exit Abigall.

La. I would be loath to anger him too much; what fine foolerie is this in a woman, to use those men most frowardly they love most? If I should loose him thus, I were rightly served. I hope he's not so much himselfe, to take it to th' heart: how now? will he come backe?

Enter Abigall.

Abig. Never he sweares, whilst hee can heare ment say there's any woman living: he swore he would ha' me first.

La. Didst thou intreat him wench?

Abig. As well as I could Madam. But this is still your way, to love being absent, and when he's with you, laugh at him, and abuse him. There's another way, if you could hit on't.

La. Thou saiest true, get me paper, pen and inke, I'll write to him, I'd be loath he should sleepe in's anger.

Women are most fooles, when they thinke th' are wisest.

Exeunt omnes.

Musicks. Enter Young lovelesse and Widdow going to be Married, with whom his Comrades.

Wid. Pray sir cast off these fellowes, as unfitting for your bare knowledge, and farre more your companie: is't fit such Ragamuffins as these are, should beare the name of friends? and furnish out a civill house? y'are to bee married now, and men that love you must expect a course far from your old carriage: if you will keepe um, turne um to th' stable, and there make um groomes: and yet now I consider it, such beggers once set a horsebacke, you have heard will ride, how farre, you had best to looke to.

Cap. Heare you, you that must be Lady, pray content your selfe and thinke upon your carriage soone at night, what dressing will best take your Knight, what wast-coat, what cordiall will doe well i'th morning for him, what triers have you?

Wid. What doe you meane sir?

Cap. Those that must switch him up: if he start well, feare not, but crie Saint George, and beare him hard: when you perceive his wind growes hot and wanting, let him a little downe, h'is fleet, nere doubt him, and stands sound.

Wid. Sir

The scornfull Lady.

Wid. Sir, yōn heare these fellows ?

To. lo. Merrie companions, wench, merrie companions.

Wid. To one another let um be companions, but good Sir not to you : you shall be civill, and slip off these base trappings.

Cap. He shall not need, my most sweet Ladie Grocer, if he be civill, nor your powdered Sugar, nor your Reasons shall perswade the Captaine to live a Coxcombe with him ; let him be civill and eat i'th *Arches*, and see what will come on't.

Poet. Let him bee civill, doe : undoe him ; I, that's the next way. I will not take (if he be civill once) two hundred pounds a yeere to live with him ; be civill : there's a trim perswasion.

Cap. If thou bee'st civill Knight, as *Jove* defends it, get thee another nose, that will be pul'd off by the angrie boyes for thy conversion : the children thou shalt get on this Civillian, cannot inherit by the law, thare *Ethnicks*, and all thy sport meete Mortall lecherie : when they are growne, having but little in um, they may prove Haberdashers, or grosse Grocers, like their deare Damme there : prethee be civill Knight, in time thou maist reade to thy household, and be drunke once a yeere : this would shew finely.

To. lo. I wonder sweet heart you will offer this, you doe not understand these Gentlemen : I will bee short and pithie : I had rather cast you off by the way of charge : these are Creatures, that nothing goes to the mainetenance of, but Corne and Water. I will keepe these fellows just in the Competencie of two Hens.

Wid. If you can cast it so sir, you have my liking ? if they eate lesse, I should not be offended. But how these Sir, can live upon so little as Corne and Water, I am unbeleeving.

To. lo. Why prethee sweet heart, what's your Ale ? is not that Corne and Water, my sweet Widdow ?

Wid. I but my sweet Knight, where's the meat to this, and clothes that they must looke for ?

Young lo. In this short sentence, Ale, is all included ; Meate, Drinke, and Cloath ; These are no ravening Footmen, no fellows, that at Ordinaries dare eate their eightene-pence thrice out before they rise, and yet goe hungrie to a play, and cracke more nuts then would suffice a dozen Squirrels ; besides the dish

The scornfull Lady.

which is damnable: I had rather raile, and be confin'd to a *Boozer*, then live among such rascalls, these are people of such a cleane discretion in their diet, of such a moderate sustenance, that they sweate, if they but smell hot meat. *Porrange* is poyson, they hate a Kitchen as they hate a Counter, and shew um but a Fether-bed they swound. Ale is their eating and their drinking surely, which keepes their body cleare, and solable. Bread is a Binder, and for that abolisht even in their Ale, whose loft roome fills an Apple which is more aire, and of subtiler nature. The rest they take is little, and that little is little easie: For like strict men of order, they do correct their bodies with a bench, or a poore stubborne table; if a Chimney offer it selfe with some few broken rushes, they are in downe: when they are sick, that's drunke, if they may have fresh straw, else they doe despise these worldly pamperings. For their poore apparell, tis worne out to the diet; new they seeke none; and if a man should offer, they are angry: scarce to be reconcil'd againe with him: you shall not heare'em aske one a east doublet once in a year: which is modesty besitting my poore friends: you see their *Wardrobe*, though slender, competent: For shirts I take it, they are things worne out of their remembrance. Dostie they will be when they list, and *Mangie*, which shewes a fine variety: & then to cure em, a *Tanners* lime pit, which is little charge, to dogs and these; these two may be cur'd for 3. pence.

Wid. You have halfe perswaded me, pray use your pleasure: and my good friends, since I doe know your diet, ile take an order, meate shall not offend you, you shall have Ale.

Cap. We aske no more, let it be mighty Ladie: and if we perish, then our owne sinnes on us.

Ye. lo. Come forward Gentlemen, to Church my boyes, when we have done, ile give you cheate in bowles. *Exeunt.*

Fine Alas Quarta.

ACTVS 3. SCENA I.

Enter Elder Lovelesse.

Eld. lo. This senselesse woman vexes me toth' heart, shee will not from my memory: would she were a man for one two houres, that I might beat her. If I had beene unhanfome, old, or jealous,

The Scornefull Lady.

jealous, 'thad beene an even lay, she might have scorn'd me; but to be young; and by this light, I thinke as proper as the proudest; made as cleane, as straight, as strong backt; meanes and manners, equall with the best cloth of silver, fir, ith Kingdome: But these are things at some time of the Moone, below the cut of Canuas: Sure she has some Meaching rascall in her house, some hinde, that she hath seene beare (like another *Mole*) quarters of malt upon his backe, and sing with it, thrash all day, and ith evening in his stockings strike up a Home-pipe, and there stinke into houses, and nere a whit the worse man; these are they, these Steele chind rascals that undoe us all. Would I had beene a Carter, or a Coachman, I had done the deed ere this time.

Enter Seruant.
Ser. Sir, there's a Gentleman without would speak with you.

El. lo. bid him come in. *Enter Welford.*

Wel. By your leave Sir.

El. lo. You are welcome, what's your will Sir?

Wel. Have you forgotten me;

El. lo. I doe not much remember you.

Wel. You must Sir. I am the Gentleman you pleased to wrong in your disguise, I have inquired you out.

El. lo. I was disguised indeed sir, if I wrong'd you, pray where, and when?

Wel. In such a Ladies house, I need not name her.

El. lo. I doe remember you, you seemed to be a Sister to that Lady?

Wel. If you remember this, doe not forget how scurvily you used me: that was no place to quarrell in, pray you thinke of it; If you be honest, you dare fight with me, without more urging, else I must provoke yee.

El. lo. Sir, I dare fight, but never for a woman; I will not have her in my cause, she is mortall, and so is not my anger; if you have brought a Nobler Subject for our swords, I am for you; in this I would be leath to prick my finger. And where you say I wrong'd you, tis so far from my profession, that amongst my fears, to doe wrong is the greatest: credit me we have bin both abused (not by ourselves, for that I hold a spleene, no signs of malice, and may with man enough bee left forgotten) but by that wilfull, scornefull peeces of hatred, that much forgetfull Lady: For whose sake

The scornfull Lady.

fake, if we should leave our reason, and runne on upon our sense, like Rams: the little world of good men would laugh at us, and despise us, fixing upon our desperate memories the never-worme out names of Fooles, and Fencers. Sir tis not feare, but reason makes me tell you; In this I had rather helpe you sir, then hurt you, and you shall finde it, though you throw your selfe into as many dangers as she offers; though you redeme her lost name everie day, and find her out new honours with your sword, you shall bee her mirth as I have beene.

Wel. I aske you mercy sir, you have tane my edge off: yet I would faine be even with this Ladie.

El. la. In which ile be your helper: we are two, and they are two: two sisters, rich alike; onlie the elder has the prouder dowrie: In troth, I pittie this disgrace in you, yet of mine owne I am senselesse: doe but follow my counsell, and ile pawne my spirit, wee'l over reach'em yet; the meanes is this.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, there's a Gentlewoman will needs speake with you, I cannot keep her out, she's entred sir.

El. la. It is the waiting woman, pray be not scene: sirrah, hold her in discourse a while: harke in your eare, goe, and dispatch it: quickly, when I come in, ile tell you all the project.

Wel. I care not which I have.

Exit Welford.

El. la. Away, tis done, shee must not see you: now Lady Gwiniver, what newes with you?

Enter Abigail.

Abig. Pray leave these frumps sir, and receive this Letter.

El. la. From whom, good vanitie?

Abig. Tis from my Ladie sir: alas good Soule, she cries and takes on,

El. la. Doe's she so good Soule? would she not have a Cawdle? doe's she find you with your fine Oratorie goodie Tully to tie me to believe againe? Bring out the Cat hounds, ile make you take a tree where, then with my tiller bring downe your *Gibship*, and then have you cas'd and hung up i'th Warren.

Abig. I am no beast sir, would you knew it.

El. la. We'd I did, for I am yet verie doubtfull: what will you say now?

Abig. Nothing not I.

El. la.

The Scornfull Lady.

El: Lo: Art thou a woman, and say nothing?

Abig. Vnlesse you'l heare me with more moderation: I can speake wise enough.

El: Lo. And loud enough? will your Lady love me?

Abig. It seemes so by her Letter, and her lamentations; but you are such another man.

El: Lo: Not such another as I was, Mumps: nor will not be: Ile read her fine Epistle: ha, ha, ha, is not thy Mistresse mad?

Abig. For you she will be, 'tis a shame you should use a poore gentlewoman so vntowardly; she loves the ground you tread on; and you (hard heart) because shee jested with you, meane to kill her; tis a fine conquest as they say.

El: Lo: Hast thou so much moisture in thy whicleather hide yet, that thou canst cry? I would have sworne thou hadst beene Touch-wood five yeares since; Nay, let it raine, thy face chops for a shower like a dry Dunghill.

Abig. He not indure this Ribauldry, Farewell i'th devils name; if my Lady die, He besworne before a Jury, thou art the cause on't.

El: Lo: Doe, Maikin, do, deliver to your Lady from me this: I meane to see her, if I have no other businesse: which before Ile want to come to her, I meane to goe seeke birds nests: yet I may come too: but if I come, from this doore till I see her, will I think how to raile vildely at her, how to vex her, and make her cry so much, that the Physician, if she fall sicke upon't, shall want urine to find the cause by: and she remediless die in her heresie: Farewell old Adage, I hope to see the Boyes make pot-guns on thee.

Abig: Thart a vile man, God blesse my issue from thee.

El: Lo: Thou hast but one, and that's in thy left crupper, that makes thee hobble so; you must be ground i'th breech like a top, you'l nere spin well else: Farewell Fychocke. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lady alone.

La. Is it not strange that every womans will should cracke out new wayes to disturbe her selfe? If I should call my reason to account, it cannot answer why I keepe my selfe from mine owne wish; and stop the man I love from his; and every houre repent againe, yet still goe on: I know tis like a man, that wants his naturall sleepe, and growing dull would gladly give the remnant of his life for two houres rest; yet through his frowardnesse, will rather chuse to watch another man,

The Scornfull Lady.

Drowfie as hee, then take his owne repose. All this I know: yet a strange peevishnesse & anger, not to have the power to do things unexpected, carries me away to mine owne ruine: I had rather die sometimes, then not disgrace in publike him whom people think I love, and doo't with oathes, and am in earnest then. O what are we! Men, you must answer this, that dare obey such things as we command. How now? what newes? *Enter Abigail.*

Abig. Faith Madam none worth hearing.

La. Is he not come?

Abig. No truely.

La. Nor has he writ?

Abig. Neither. I pray God you have not undone your selfe:

La. Why, but what sayes he?

Abig. Faith he talkes strangely. *La.* How strangely?

Ab. First at your Letter he laught extreamely.

La. What, in contempt?

Ab. He laught monstrous loud, as he would die; and when you wrot it, I think you were in no such merry mood, to provoke him that way: and having done, he cryed alas for her, and violently laught againe.

La. Did he?

Ab. Yes, till I was angry.

La. Angry, why? why wert thou angry? he doe but well, I did deserve it, he had beene a foole, an unfit man for any one to love, had he not laught thus at me: you were angry, that shew'd your folly; I shall love him more for that, then all that ere he did before: but said he nothing else?

Ab. Many uncertaine things: he said, though you had mockt him, because you were a woman, hee could wish to doe you so much favour as to see you: yet he said, hee knew you rash, and was loath to offend you with the sight of one, whom now he was bound not to leave.

La. What one was that?

Ab. I know not, but truely I doe feare there is a making up there: for I heard the servants, as I past by some, whisper such a thing: and as I came backe through the Hall, there were two or three Clarkes writing great conveyances in hast, which they said, were for their Mistris Joynter.

La. 'Tis very like, and fit it should be so, for he does think, and reasonably thinke, that I should keepe him with my idle tricks, for ever ere he be married.

Ab. Ac

The School for Scandal

Ab. At last he said, it should goe hard but he would see you for your satisfaction.

La. All we that are call'd women, know as well as men, it were a farre more noble thing to grace where we are gract, & give respect there where we are respected: yet we practise a wilder course, & never bend our eyes on men with pleasure, till they find the way to give us a neglect: then we, too late, perceive the losse of what we might have had, and dote till death.

Mar. Sister, yonders your servant with a Gentlewoman with

La. Where? *Mar.* Close at the doore.

La. Ah! Alas I am undone, I feare he is betroth'd,

What kind of woman is she?

Mar. A most ill-favoured one, with her Masque on. And how her face should mend the rest I know not.

La. But yet her mind was of a milder stuffe then mine was.

Enter Eld. Lovelesse, and Welford in woman's Apparell.

La. Now I see him, if my heart swell nor againe away thou wo-mans pride) so that I cannot speake a gentle word to him, let me

Eld. La. By your leave here,

La. How now, what new tricks invite you hither? Ha'you a fine device againe?

Eld. La. Faith this is the finest device I have how. How dost thou sweet heart?

Wel: Why very well, so long as I may please You my deare Lover, I nor can, nor will I believe Be ill, when you are well, well when you are ill.

El. La. O thy sweet temper: what would I have given that Lady had been like thee: seest thou her? that face (my love) joyn'd with thy humble mind, had made a wench indeed.

Wel: Alas my Love, what God hath done, I dare not thinke to mend. I use no paint, nor any drugs of art, my hands and face will shew it.

La. Why what thing have you brought to shew us there? doe you take money for it?

Eld. La. A godlike thing, not to be bought for money: tis my Mistrie: in whom there is no passion, nor no scorrie: what I will is for law: pray you salute her.

La. Salute her? by this good light, I would not kisse her for halfe any wealth.

The Scorpious Lady

El. Lo. Why? why pray you?
You shall see me doo't afore you; looke you.

La. Now fie upon thee, a beast would not have done, I would not kisse thee of a moneth to gaine a Kingdome.

El. Lo. Marry you shall not be troubled.

La. Why was there ever such a *Meg* as this?
Sure thou art mad.

El. Lo. I was mad once, when I lov'd pictures; for what are shape and colour else, but pictures? in that tawny Hide there lies and endlessse masse of vertues, when all your red and white ones

La. And this is she you are to marry, is't not? *A!* *La.* (want it.

Eld. Lo. Yes indeed i't.

La. God give you joy.

Eld. Lo. Amen.

Wel. I thanke you, as unknowne for your good wish:
The like to you when ever you shall wed.

El. Lo. O gentle Spirit.

La. You thanke me? I pray
Keepe your breath nearer you, I do not like it.

Wel. I would not willingly offend at all,
Much lesse a Lady of your worthy parts.

El. Lo. Sweet, sweet.

La. I doe not thinke this woman can by nature be thus,
Thus ugly; sure shees some common Strumpet,
Deform'd with exercise of sinne.

Wel. O Sir beleve not this, for heaven to comfort me, as I am
free from foule pollution with any man; my honour tunc away,
I am no woman.

El. Lo. Arise my dearest soule: I doe not credit it. Alas, I feare
her tender heart will break with this reproach; fie that you know
no more civility to a weake Virgin. 'Tis no matter sweet, let her
say what she will, thou art not worse to me, and therefore not at
all; be carelesse.

Wel. For all things else I would, but for mine honor, Me thinks.

El. Lo. Alas, thine honour is not stain'd;
Is this the businesse that you sent for me about?

Wel. Faith Sister you are much to blame, to use a woman,
whatsoere she be, thus; Ile salute her: You are welcome hither.

El. Lo. I humbly thanke you.

El. L. Milde yet as the Dove, for all these injuries. Come shall
we

The Scornful Lady.

we goe, I love thee not so ill as to keepe thee here a jesting stocke
A due to the worlds end.

La. Why, whither now?

El. Lo. Nay, you shall never know, because you shall never find

La. I pray let me speake with you.

El. Lo. 'Tis very well: come.

La. I pray you let me speake with you.

El. Lo. Yes for another mocke.

La. By heaven I have no mocks: good sir a word.

El. Though you deserve not so much at my hands, yet if
you be in such earnest, Ile speake a word with you? but I beseech
you be briefe: for in good faith there's a Parson and a Licence stay
for us i'th Church all this while: and you know 'tis night.

La. Sir, give me hearing patiently, and whatsoever I have here-
tofore spoke jestingly, forget: for as I hope for mercy any where
what I shall utter now is from my heart, and as I meane.

El. Lo. Well, well, what do you meane?

La. Was not I once your Mistresse, and you my Servant?

El. Lo. O'tis about the old matter.

La. Nay, good sir stay me out: I would but here you excuse
your selfe, why you should take this woman and leave me.

El. Lo. Prefence why not, deserves she not as much as you?

La. I thinke not, if you will looke
With an indifferency upon us both.

El. Lo. Vpon your faces, 'tis true: but if judicially we shall cast
our eyes upon your minds, you are a thousand women of her in
worth: She cannot swound in jest, not let her Lover take, so shew
her peevishnesse, and his affection, nor crosse what he saies, though
it be Canonically. Shee's a good plaine Wench, that will doe as I
will have her, and bring me lusty Boyes to throw the Sledge and
lift at Pigs of Lead: and for a wife, she's farre beyond you: what
can you doe in a household to provide for your issue, but let a bod
and get up? your businesse is to dresse you, and at idle houres to
eate; when she can doe a thousand profitable things: She can doe
pretty well in the Pastry, and knowes how Pullen should be
cramb'd; she cuts Cambrick at a thread, weaves Bone-lace, & quilts
Balls: And what are you good for?

La. Admit it true, that she were far beyond me in all respects,
does that give you a licence to forswear your selfe?

The Scornfull Lady.

El. Lo. Forswear me selfe, how?

La. Perhaps you have forgot the innumerable oathes you have uttered, in disclaiming all for wives but me: He not remember you: God give you joy.

El. Lo. Nay, but conceive me, the intent of oathes is ever understood. Admit I should protest to such a friend, to see him at his lodging to morrow: Divines would never hold me perjur'd, if I were stricke blind, or he hid him, where my diligent search could not find him: so there were no crosse act of mine own in't. Can it be imagined I meane, to force you to Marriage, and to have you whether you will or no?

La. Alas you need not. I make already tender of my selfe, and then you are forsworne.

Eld. Lo. Some sinne I see indeed must necessarily fall upon me, as whosoever deales with women shall never utterly avoyd it: yet I would chuse the least ill; which is to forsake you, that have done me all the abuses of a malignant woman; contemn'd my service; and would have held me prating about marriage, till I had beene past getting of children, then her that hath forsooke her family, and put her tender body in my hand, upon my word.

La. Which of us swore you first to?

El. Lo. Why to you.

La. Which oath is to be kept then?

El. Lo. I prethee doe not urge my sinnes unto me, without I could amend um.

La. Why you may by wedding me.

El. Lo. How will that satisfie my word to her?

La. 'Tis not to be kept, and needs no satisfaction. 'Tis an error fit for repentance onely.

El. Lo. Shall I live to wrong that tender hearted Virgin so? It may not be.

La. Why may it not be?

El. Lo. I sweare I had rather marry thee, then her: but yet mine honesty?

La. What honesty? 'Tis more preserved this way: Come, by this light servant thou shalt, He kisse thee on't.

El. Lo. This kisse indeed is sweet, pray God no sin lie under it.

La. There is no sinne at all, try but another.

Wel: O my heart.

Mr. Helpe.

The Scornfull Ladie.

Mar. Helpe Sister, this Lady swounes:

El. Lo. How doe you? *Wel.* Why very well, if you be so, a most ungodly thing. *El. Lo.* Heare me one word more, which by all my hopes I will not alter; I did make an oath when you de-
laid me so; that this very night I would be married. Now if you
will go without delay, sodainely, as late as it is, with your owne
Minister to your owne Chappell, Ile wed you and to bed.

La. A match deare servant.

El. Lo. For if you should forsake me now, I care not, she would
not though for all her injuries, such is her spirit, if I be not asha-
med to kisse her now I part, may I not live.

Wel: I see you goe, as sliely as you thinke to steale away, yet I
will pray for you; All blessings of the world light on you two,
that you may live to be an aged paire. All curses on me if I do not
speake what I doe wish indeed.

El. Lo. If I can speake to purpose to her, I am a villaine.

La. Servant away.

Mar. Sister, will you marry that inconstant man? thinke you
he will not cast you off to morrow; to wrong a Lady, look't
she like dirt, 'twas basely done. May you nere profane him.

Wel: Now God forbid. Alas I was unworthy, so I sold him.

Mar. That was your modesty, too good for him:
I would not see your wedding for a world.

La. Chuse, chuse, come Tonglove. *Ex. El. Lo.*

Mar. Dry up your eyes forsooth, you shall not thinke we are
uncivill, as such beasts as these. Would I knew how to give you
a revenge.

Wel: So would not I: no let me suffer truly, what I desire.

Mar. Pray walke in with me, 'Tis very late, and you shall stay
all night: your bed shall be no worse than mine; I wish I could
but doe you right.

Wel: My humble thanks:
God grant I may but live to quit your love. *Exeunt.*

Enter Tong Lovelasse and Savill.

Tong Lo: Did your Master send for me *Savill?*

Sav: Yes, he did send for your worship sir.

Tong Lo: Doe you know the businesse?

Sa. Alas Sir, I know nothing, nor am imploy'd beyond my
houres

The Scornfull Lady.

houres of eating. My dancing dayes are done fir.

Lo. To: What art thou now then?

Savill: If you consider me in little, I am with your worships reverence fir, a rascall: one that upon the next anger of your brother, must raise a Sconce by the high way, and sell switches; My wife is learning now to weave Incle.

To. Lo. What dost thou meane to do with thy children *Savill*?

Savill: My eldest boy is halfe a Rogue already, hee was borne burlen, and your worship knowes, that is a pretty step to mens compassions: My yongest boy I purpose Sir to binde for tenne yeares to a Jaylor, to draw under him, that he may shew us mer- cie in his function.

Young Lo: Your family is quartered with discretion; you are resolved to Gant then: where *Savill* shall your Scene lie?

Savill: Beggars must be no choosers;
In every place (I take it) but the stockes.

To: Lo: This is your drinking and your whoring, *Savill*;
Itold you of it, but your heart was hardened.

So: Tis true, you were the first that told me of it, I do remem- ber yet in teares; you told me you would have whores, and in that passion fir, you broke out thus; Thou miserable man, repent, and brew three strikes more in a hoghead; Tis noone ere we be drunke now, and the time can tarry for no man.

Young Lo: Y'are growne a bitter Gentleman. I see misery can cleare your head better then Mustard. Ile bee a Sutor for your keyes againe fir.

So. Will you but be so gracious to me fir? I shall be bound.

Young Lo: You shall fir;

To your Bunch againe, or Ile misse foully.

Enter Mercraft.

Merc. Save you Gentleman, save you.

To. Lo. Now Polcat, what yong Rabbets nest have you to draw?

Merc. Come, pretbee be familiar Knight.

Young Lo: Away Foxe, Ile send for Terriers for you.

Merc. Thou art wide yet: Ile keepe thee company.

To. Love. I am about some businesse; Indentures,

If you follow me Ile beat you; take heed,

As I live Ile cancell your coxcombe.

Merc. Thou art cozen'd now, I am no Usurer:

What

The Starfall Lady.

What poore fellow's this?

Savil. I am poore indeed sir.

Mor. Give him money Knight.

Yo. Lov. Doe you begin the offering.

Mor. There poore fellow, here's an angel for thee.

Yo. Lov. Art thou in earnest *Margarett*?

Mo. Yes faith Knight, ile follow thy example; thou hadst land and thousands, thou spentst and flungst away, and yet it flowes in double: I purchas'd, wrung, & wicdraw'd for my wealch, lost and was cozen'd: for which I make a vow to try all the wayes above ground, but Ile find a constant meanes to riches without curles.

Young Lo: I am glad of your conversion *Margarett*: Y' are in a faire course; pray pursue it still.

Mor. Come, we are all Gallants now. Ile keep thee company: Here honest fellow, for this Gentleman sake, there's two angels more for thee.

Savil. God quite you sir, and keep you long in this mind.

Yo. Love. Wilt thou persevere?

Mor. Till I have a penny, I have brave clothes a making, and two horses; canst thou not help me to a match Knight? Ile lay a thousand pound upon my Cropp-lare.

Yo. Lov: Foot, this is stranger then an *Affrick* Monster. There will be no more talke of the *Cleare* warres. Whilst this lasts; come, Ile put thee into blood.

Sav. Would all his damb'd tribe were as tender hearted, I beseech you let this Gentleman joyne with you in the recovery of my Keyes: I like his good beginning Sir, the whilst Ile pray for both your Worships.

Yo. Lo: He shall sir.

Mor. Shall we go noble Knight? I would faine be acquainted.

Yo: Lo: Ile be your servant Sir.

Enter Eld: Loveless and Lady.

El: Lov: Faith my sweet Lady, I have caught you now, mangle your subtilties and fine devices; be coy againe now.

La: Prethee sweet-heart tell true.

El. Lo. By this light, by all the pleasures I have had this night, by your lost maidenhead, you are cozen'd meerly: I have cast beyond your wit. That Gentleman is your retainer *El: Lov.*

Lady. It cannot be so.

El. Lo. Your sister has found it so, or I mistake, marke how she blushes

The Scornfull Lady.

blushes when you see her next. Ha, ha, ha, I shall not travell now,
ha, ha, ha.

La. Prethee sweetheart be quiet, thou hast angered me at heart.

El: Lo. Ile please you soone againe. *La: Welford.*

El: Lov. I *Welford*; hee's a young handsome fellow, well bred
and landed: your sister can instruct you in his good parts, better
then I by this time.

Lady. Uds foot am I fetcht over this?

Eld: Lov. Yes, ifaith:

And over shall be fetcht againe, never feare it.

Lady. I must be patient, though it torture me.

You have got the Sunne sir.

El: Lo. And the Moone too, in which Ile be the Man.

Lo: But had I knowne this, had I but surpris'd it, you should
have hunted three trains more, before you had come to th' court;
you should have hankt o' th' bridle, sir, ifaith.

El: Lo. I knew it, and nam'd it with you, and so blew you up.

Now you may see the Gentlewoman: stand close.

Enter Welford and Mar.

Mar. For Gods sake sir, be private in this business.

You have undone me else. O God, what have I done?

Welf. No harme I warrant thee.

Mar. How shall I look upon my friends againe?

With what face?

Welf. Why e'ne with that: tis a good one, thou canst not find
a better: look upon all the faces thou shalt see here, and you shall
finde none smooth still, false still, sweet still, and so your thinking
honest, those have done as much as you have yet, or dare doe Mi-
stresse, and yet they keepe no furre.

Mar. Good sir goe in, and put your womans clothes on:

If you bee seene thus, I am lost for ever.

Welf. Ile watch you for that Mistris: I am no foole; here will
I tarry till the house be up, and withesse with me.

Mar: Good deare friend goe in.

Welf. To bed againe if you please, else I am fixt here till there
bee notice taken who I am, and what I have done: If you could
juggle me into my womanhood again, and so cog me out of your
company, all this would be forsworne, and I againe an Asinego,
as your sister left me. No, Ile have it knowne and publisht; then
if

The Scurfull Lady.

if you'l be a whore, forsake me and be a whore: when you c
hold no longer, marry some cast *Crowd*, and sell Botche-ale.

Mar. I dare not stay fir, use me modestly, I am your wife.

Well. Go in, He make up all.

El.Lo. He be a witness of your naked truth fir: this is the
Gentlewoman, prethos looke upon him, this is he that made me
breake my faith, sweet: but thanke your sister, she hath fostered it.

La. What a dullasse was I, I could not see this Wench from
a Wench: twenty to one if I had been but tender like my Sister, he
had served me such a slippery tricke too.

Well. Twenty to one I had.

El.Lo. I would have watche you fir, by your good patience,
for Ferriting in my Ground.

La. You have beene with my Sister. *Well.* Yesto bring.

El.Lo. An heire into the world he means.

La. There is no chafing now.

Well. I have had my part on't: I have been chaff this three
houres, that's the least, I am reasonable coole now.

La. Cannot you farewell, but you must cry Roast-meat?

Well. He that fares well, and will not blesse the Founders, is ei-
ther surfeited, or ill taught. Lady, for mine owne part, I have
found so sweet a Diet, I can commend it, though I cannot spare it.

El.Lo. How like you this dish, *Welford*, I made a supper on't,
and fed so heartily, I could not sleepe.

La. By this light, had I but sented out your traine, ye had slept
with a bare pillow in your armes, and kist that, or els the bed-post,
for any wife ye had got this twelve-month yet: I wold have vext
you more then a *yr'd* Post-horse, and been longer bearing then e-
ver after-game at *Irisb* was. Lord that I were unmarried againe.

El.Lo. Lady I would not undertake yee, were you againe a
Haggard, for the best cast of Ladies i'th Kingdome: you were
ever tickle footed, and would not trusse round.

Well. Is she fast? *El.Lo.* She was all night lockt here boy.

Well. Then you may lure her without feare of loosing: take
off her Cranes: You have a delicate Gentlewoman to your sister:
Lord what a pretty fury she was in, when she perceived I was a
man; but I thanke God I satisfied her scruple, without the Parson
o'th towne.

El.Lo. What did yee

The Scored Lady.

Wel. Madam can you tell what we did?

El. Lo. She has a shred guffeat it, I see it by her.

La. Well you may mock us; but my large Gentlewoman, my *Mary Ambree*, had I but scene into you, you should have had another herself, fitter a great deal for your itch.

Wel. I thank you Lady, me thought it was well, You are so curious.

Enter Young Lovelesse, his Lady, Morterast, Scull,
and two Servingmen.

El. Lo. Get on your Doublet, here comes my Brother.

Yo. Lo. Good morrow Brother, and all good to your Lady.

Mor. God save you, and good morrow to you all.

El. Lo. Good morrow. Here's a poore Brother of yours.

La. Fie, how this shames me.

Mor. Prethee good fellow helpe me to a cupa Beere.

Ser. I will Sir.

Yo. Lo. Brother what make you here? will this Lady doe?

Will she? is she not nettled still?

El. Lo. No, I have cur'd her.

Mr. Welford pray know this Gentleman, he is my brother.

Wel. Sir I shall long to love him.

Yo. Lo. I shall not be your debtor sir. But how is't with you?

El. Lo. As well as may be man: I am married: your new acquaintance hath her sister, and all's well.

Yo. Lo. I am glad on't. Now my pretty Lady Sister,

How doe you find my Brother?

La. Almost as wilde as you are.

Yo. Lo. Hee'l make the better husband: you have tried him?

La. Against my will Sir.

Yo. Lo. Hee'l make you well amends soone, doe not doubt it.

But sir, I must intreat you to be better knowne

To this converted Jew here.

Ser. Here's Beere for you Sir.

Mor. And here's for you an Angell:

Pray buy no Land, it will never prosper sir.

El. Lo. How's this?

Yo. Lo. Blesse you, and then Ile tell: Hee's turned Gallant.

El. Lo. Gallant?

Yo. Lo. I, Gallant, and is now called, *Cutting Adorecraft.*

The Scurvy Lady.

The reason Ile informe you at more leisure.

Wel. O good sir let me know him presently.

To.Lo. You shall hug one another.

More. Sir, I must keepe you company. *El.Lo.* And reason.

To.Lo. Cutting *Morecraft* faces about. I must present another.

More. As many as you will Sir, I am for um.

Wel. Sir, I shall do you service.

More. I shall looke for't in good faith Sir.

El.Lo. Prethee good sweet-heart kisse him.

La. Who, that fellow?

Sa. Sir, will it please you to remember me: my keyes good sir.

To.Lo. Ile doe it presently.

El.Lo. Come thou shalt kisse him for our sport sake.

La. Let him come on then; and doe you heare, do not instruct me in these tricks, for you may repent it.

El.Lo. That at my perill. Lusty Mr. *Morecraft*, Here is a Lady would salute you.

More. She shall not lose her long ing sir: what is she?

El.Lo. My wife sir.

More. She must bechen my Mistresse.

La. Must I sir. *El.Lo.* O yes, you must.

More. And you must take this Ring, a poore pawne. Of some fifty pound.

El.Lo. Take it by any meanes, 'tis lawfull prize.

La. Sir, I shall call you servant.

More. I shall be proud on't: what fellowes that?

To.Lo. My Ladies Coachman.

More. There's something (my friend) for you to buy whips, And for you sir, and you sir.

El.Lo. Vnder a Miracle, this is the strangest I ever heard of.

More. What shall we play, or drinke? what shall we doe? Who will hunt with me for an hundred pounds?

Wel. Stranger and stranger!

Sir, you shal find sport after a day or two.

To.Lo. Sir, I have sute unto you Concerning your old Servant *Savill*.

El.Lo. O, for his Keyes. I know it.

Sa. Now sir, strike in.

The Scandalous Lady

Mar. Sir, I must have you grant me.

El. Lo. 'Tis done sir, take your Keyes againe.

But harke you *Savill*, leave off the motions

Of the flesh, and be honest, or else you shall graze againe.

Illegally you once againe.

Sa. If ever I be taken drunke, or whoring,

Take off the biggest Key i'th bunch, and open

My head with it Sir: I humbly thanke your worships.

El. Lo. Nay then I see we must keepe Holiday.

Heres the last couple in hell.

Re. Joy be among you all.

La. Why how now Sir, what is the meaning of this Emblem?

Re. Marriage an't like your worship.

La. Are you married?

Re. As well as the next Priest could doe it, Madam.

El. Lo. I thinke the Signe's in *Gemini*, here's such coupling.

Wel. Sir *Roger*, what will you take to lie from your sweet-

heart to night.

Re. Not the best Benefice in your worships gift Sir.

Wel. A whorson, how he swels.

To. Lo. How many times to night, Sir *Roger*?

Reg. Sir, you grow scurrillous:

What I shall doe, I shall doe: I shall not need your helpe.

To. Lo. For horse-flesh *Roger*:

El. L. Come prethee be not angry, 'tis a day

Given wholly to our mirth.

La. It shall be so sir: Sir *Roger* and his Bride.

We shall intreat to bear our charge.

El. L. *Welford* get you to the Church: by this light

You shall not lie with her againe, till y'are married.

Wel. I am gone.

Mar. To every Bride I dedicate this day;

Six healths a peece, and it shall goe hard,

But every one a Jewell: Come be mad boyes.

El. Lo. Th'art in a good beginning: Come who leads?

Sir *Roger*, you shall have the *Pas*, and lead the way:

Would every dogged Wench had such a day.

FINIS.

